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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1090.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848.

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For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazine. Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 28fr. or 1l. 2s. the year. For other Countries, the postage in addition.

SCHOOL OF ART.—Incorporated Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East.—The Season 1848-9 will commence on MONDAY, the 26th inst.—For particulars and admission apply to the Secretary, at the gallery, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East.—Subscriptions and Donations received by the Secretary, the Treasurer, Mr. Tennant, No. 1, Adam-street, Adelphi; and the Society's Bankers, Messrs. Ransom & Co., Pall Mall East. A. CLINT, Secretary.

TO SCULPTORS.—The Council of the Art-Union of London offer the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for an Original Bas-relief in Plaster, on a base of 24 inches high, to be afterwards engraved by the Anglo-photographic process for general distribution. The Models are to be sent in by the 1st of January, 1849. Further particulars may be obtained at the Office. GEORGE GODWIN, Honorary Secretary. LEWIS POOCK, Secretaries.

SOCIETY FOR ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES. John-street, Adelphi.—64th Session, 1848-9.—THE NEW PRIZE LIST has just been issued, and may be had on application to the Secretary, at the Society's House, John-street, Adelphi. In that List are comprised some of the following subjects:—

1. A Gold Medal, offered by His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, for the best account of any New and Improved Machinery or Processes employed in the Cultivation or Preparation of Sugar in the British Colonies, designed to economize labour and increase production.
2. A Gold Medal, offered by His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, for the best Cent for Uniting Glass, particularly attention made to perfectly cementing Glass Pipes or Glass Roofing.
3. A Prize of 30 Guineas, offered by T. Twining, jun. Esq., for the best Series of Experimental Researches on and Specimens of the Application of Sing or other allied Products to New Purposes, and of an ornamental.

PRIZES FOR MODELS.

1. The Society's Gold Medal, or 25l., for the best Working Model of an original Design for a Silver Chalice, suitable to be awarded as a prize, value 100l., in conformity with the bequest of the late Dr. George Swinney. The decorations to be emblematical of Justice.
 2. The Society's Gold Medal for the most elegant Design for a Chair in red Earthware, to be ornamented with designs taken from English history or literature, in the manner of Etruscan vase.
 3. The Society's Gold and Silver Medals for the best and second best Specimens of Chasing of the Human Figure in Silver.
 4. The Society's Gold Medal, or 30 Guineas, for the best Design for a Labourer's Cottage in the country.
 5. The Society's Gold Medal for the best Essay on the Mode of Amalgamating and Constructing a Farmstead, Homestead, and the complete requirements of an agricultural establishment for 300 acres.
 6. The Society's Gold Medal for the discovery of a new Substance capable of receiving the Calotype or Talbotype Image; it should be absorbent and chemically neutral to the action of nitrate of silver, acetic and gallic acids, and the iodide of potassium. It should be at least as transparent as paper, or more so if possible, even in texture, and free from a granulated surface.
 7. The Acton Gold Medal, value 20l., for the Plan of a Roof, composed of wood and iron, circular or octagonal, to cover the temple without pillars, with details, specification, and estimate, and the cubic quantities of timber, with the weight of wrought and cast iron employed.
- Full explanations of terms, conditions, and much other information may be found in the printed Prize List.
- The Annual Exhibition of Select Specimens of British Manufacture for 1848, will take place on the 22nd inst., and are requested to have their specimens forwarded to the Society's house at or before the first Monday or Tuesday in February.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.—THE WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on Monday, the 2nd of October, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. BAILY, at Seven o'clock P.M.

LECTURES.
Medicine—Dr. Burrows.
Surgery—Mr. Lawrence.
Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Skey.
Physiology and Morbid Anatomy—Mr. Paget.
Superintendence of Dissections—Mr. Holden and Mr. Coote.
Demonstrations of Morbid Anatomy—Dr. Ormerod.
Chemistry—Mr. Griffiths.
Materia Medica—Dr. Roupell.
Midwifery, &c.—Dr. Rigby and Dr. West.

SUMMER SESSION, 1848, commencing May 1.
Botany—Dr. P. J. Farre.
Forensic Medicine—Dr. Baily.
Midwifery, &c.—Dr. West.
Comparative Anatomy—Mr. McWhinnie.
Practical Chemistry and Natural Philosophy—Mr. Griffiths.
HOSPITAL PRACTICE.—The Hospital contains 530 beds, and is attended by 6000 patients annually. The in-patients are visited daily by the physicians and surgeons, and during the Summer Session four Clinical Lectures are delivered weekly: those on medical Cases by Dr. Roupell and Dr. Burrows; those on the surgical cases by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Lloyd. Some of the patients are attended daily by the Assistant Physicians and Assistant Surgeons.

COLLEGIATE ESTABLISHMENT. Warden, Mr. Paget.—Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the rules of the Collegiate system, and under the direction of the Warden and a Committee of Governors of the Hospital. Some of the teachers and other gentlemen connected with the Hospital also receive students to reside with them.

SCHOLARSHIPS, PRIZES, &c. At the end of the Winter of 1848, examinations will be held for a Scholarship, of the value of 60l. a year, and tenable for three years. The examinations for Prizes and Certificates of Merit, will take place at the same time.

Further information may be obtained from the medical or surgical officers or lecturers, or at the Anatomical Museum or Library.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.—A Gentleman who has for many years edited and published a Provincial Journal, on liberal principles, is now open to an ENGAGEMENT.—Address, B.A., 13, Sherbourne-lane, London.

A GRADUATE OF CAMBRIDGE and of a Foreign University, of literary experience, familiar with Continental languages and accustomed to prepare works for, and see them through the press, desires EMPLOYMENT as SECRETARY or AMANUENSIS.—Address (free) to Mr. W. Lacy, 6, Dobson-terrace, Kennington.

A LADY, who has had some experience as a GOVERNESS, wishes for RE-ENGAGEMENT in a Nobleman's or Gentleman's family. She would undertake, besides the usual routine of an English education, to give instruction in French, German, and Italian; the Piano, Singing, and Drawing in Pencil and Crayon.—Address X. Y., Post-office, Evesham.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—A Married Lady, intending to publish a series of FIVE YOUNG CHILDREN, who, from the absence or loss of their parents, need a home, and for whom it is desired to procure a good education, joined to the comforts of a domestic family. The most respectable references given and required.—For further particulars address C. A. H., Post-office, Great Malvern.

IN the German and French Protestant Establishment for the Education of Twelve Young Ladies, conducted by Mrs. TUPMAN, Vernon House, Brixton Hill, there will be, after the Michaelmas Vacation, on the 1st of October, VACANCIES FOR TWO PUPILS.—References to the Rev. Dr. Major, King's College, and to the Rev. C. Fletcher, Southwell, Northamptonshire.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT of Messrs. CHS. & AUG. DIEDERICH, at GENEVA.—Assisted by able French, English, and Italian Professors, the Directors (Protestant Germans) ensure their pupils a sound education and solid instruction, especially a thorough knowledge of modern languages. Parents who wish to place their sons in this Establishment will find, at the beginning of October, a favourable opportunity for them to make the journey, by applying betimes to Mr. Chs. Diederich, care of Mr. W. Schoppmann, at Renscheid, near Cologne, in Prussia; or to Messrs. J. H. and J. W. Williams & Son, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London.

POTNEY COLLEGE, Putney, Surrey.—Established 1840. President, His Grace the DUKE OF BUCKLEIGH, K.G., &c. &c. The College will RE-OPEN on the 18th SEPTEMBER. The Lectures will commence on the 25th, with an Introductory Address from Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR, at 12 o'clock, in the College Hall. Candidates for admission should send their Papers to the Secretary's Office, College, Putney, before the 18th September. By order of the Council, M. COWIE, M.A., Principal.

SCOTTISH INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES, 9, MORAY-PLACE, EDINBURGH.

THE FIFTEENTH SESSION of the INSTITUTION, as advertised in this Paper of 3rd June, COMMENCES on MONDAY, 2nd OCTOBER, 1848. Prospectuses, containing full information, when requested, sent free to any part of the Kingdom.

TO ENGRAVERS.—A First-class UNPUBLISHED ENGRAVING, of a popular and interesting Historical or Fancy Subject, 18 WANTED, either now or about Christmas, of an Engraving to be 11 by 16 inches, or thereby. Proofs and full particulars to be left at No. 3, Bow-churchyard, Cheapside, London, addressed "Roberto," within ten days from date hereof, 16th September, 1848.

MR. AKERMAN'S WORKS.—A Numismatic Manual, 21s.—Introduction to the Study of Ancient and Modern Coins, 6s. 6d.—Numismatic Illustrations of the Narrative Portions of the New Testament, 6s. 6d.—Ancient Coins of Cities and Princes, Hispania, Gallia, Britannia, 18s.—Coins of the Romans relating to Britain, 10s. 6d.—Archæological Index, many plates, 15s. The Numismatic Chronicle, published quarterly, price 3s. 6d. J. R. Smith, 4, Old Compton-street, Soho, London.

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXXVIII.—ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in the forthcoming Number of THE EDINBURGH REVIEW are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers before Monday, the 26th, and BILLS by Wednesday, the 27th inst. London: Longman & Co. Paternoster-row.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 166.—ADVERTISEMENTS for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 23rd, and BILLS for insertion by the 26th inst. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

THE QUARTERLY EDUCATIONAL MAGAZINE, No. IV.—ADVERTISEMENTS and BILLS, intended for the Fourth Number of the above Educational Periodical, should be forwarded to the Publisher by the 26th inst. 169, Fleet-street, Sept. 15, 1848.

TO PROPRIETORS OF PERIODICALS, and AUTHORS.—The Expense of Publisher and Rent of Office saved.—The use of a Front Office, in a busy thoroughfare, is offered free of charge to proprietors of Periodicals, by the First Printer. Terms for printing most moderate, and estimates given.—Address, by letter, to A. B. C., 6, Cook's-court, Carey-street.

THE GROTTOS IN OATLANDS PARK will be OPENED FOR TWO DAYS this Month, for the Benefit of the WEYBRIDGE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS. The Grotto is said to have cost the Duke of Newcastle 40,000l. Trains leave the Waterloo Railway Station for Weybridge several times in the day.—Tickets (of which a limited number will be issued), 5s. each, to admit two persons, or three children under ten years, to be had at the Schools, Weybridge; and of Messrs. Graves, 6, Pall Mall.

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POTTER & SIMPSON (Successors to Mr. Fletcher), Auctioneers of Literary Property, will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Room, 10, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY, September 20, and three following days, at 1 o'clock most punctually, a valuable Assemblage of BOOKS, Noble and distinguished personages, from the time of Henry the Eighth to that of Queen Anne, including exquisite Enamels by Zincke and Pettit.—Further notice will be given.

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The Subscriber has received instructions from the Proprietors to offer to the Trade, by PUBLIC SALE, on the 9th and 10th OCTOBER next, the whole of the large and valuable STOCK of BIBLES, NEW TESTAMENTS, &c. Bound and in Quires.—So well known for their accuracy and beauty; and the extensive STOCK of PRINTING MATERIALS, including a great variety of Book Type, Rubric Printing Presses, Register and Platen Printing Machines by Cowper and Applegarth, London, and Boston; Hydraulic and Steam Presses, and a great variety of Book Type, as also Six Bibles, and Seven New Testaments (in English), various popular sizes; and several copies of Scottish Churchman's Prayer Book, in Quires, and in Stereotype Plates (a number of the latter quite new); and one Dutch Bible in Stereotype Plates, belonging to Her Majesty's late Printers for Scotland, Sir David HENDERSON, Bart., and Mrs. M. T. BUCK. The whole offering a rare opportunity of cutting advantageously into the Bible and Printing Trade.

The Printing Materials will be sold on the Premises, 29, BLAIR-STREET, EDINBURGH, on MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, commencing at 11 o'clock A.M.; and the Book Stock and Bibles, New Testaments, &c. in Moveable Type and Stereotype Plates, in the WATERLOO HOTEL, EDINBURGH, on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, at 1 o'clock P.M. Catalogues may be had of Messrs. W. & J. Orr & Co., Amen-corner, Paternoster-row, London; Mr. James McEldan, 21, D'Olier-street, Dublin; and Edinburgh, Sept. 1848.

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 plicity of our grammar, by wandering for principles in every
 direction out of their proper province, till all distinctness of pur-
 pose and of definition was lost. They tell us, for instance, that
 English Grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English
 language with propriety; that a verb is a word which signifies to
 be, to do, or to suffer; that a preposition is a word indicating
 relation. To as much purpose might we be told that dancing is the
 art of being politely bred; (an ingredient in it perhaps it may be
 asserted to be;) that a pig is an animal that eats, drinks, and
 sleeps; (which it certainly is); and that a cabbage is a thing indicat-
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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848.

REVIEWS

Small Tracts published by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.—No. 1. Justice and Charity—[Petits Traités; publiés, &c.] By M. Victor Cousin. Paris and London, Dulau.

Our readers are perhaps aware that the present head of the government of France, struck with the ruin caused by false doctrines and uninformed minds acting upon strong arms, has made an appeal to those whom he regards as the natural conservators of the principles on which the safety and welfare of society depends, to raise some dyke against the devastating torrent that threatens to overwhelm the country.

This homage of force to reason—this acknowledgment on the part of a soldier of the impotence of the sword to govern men against their convictions—is one of the most striking proofs of human progress. It shows a tendency towards the time when Reason will be the high arbiter of human destinies.

Yet are there points of view in which even this admission is for the present suggestive of anxiety and alarm. Looking at the immense dominion of error, and at the still vaster regions of mental desert, vague, formless, uncultivated, the negative of everything positive and precise or that can serve as guide or rule—listening to the infinite noise of so-called deliberative bodies, and attempting the task of picking out the grains of wheat to be found in the year's great produce of chaff,—or turning to the teachers of the press and searching for the clear rays of truth and wisdom that are to supersede authority and to guide the freeman safely through the intricate mazes of the present most complicated state of society,—can we in conscience say that the condition of the mass of men seems much more hopeful for it, or that their own wills moved by the opinions and sentiments commonly afloat are likely to lead them to much better or happier ends than those which they attained under the unreasonable guidance of blind obedience and unquestioning subjection?

Viewed as a result, we should see but an exchange of evils in the substitution of indirect action on the will of man through his ignorance and credulity for the direct and frank action of authority. Nay, the former is the worse,—as more corrupting to the reason. But as a state of transition, we accept the present gratefully. We are content to look forward through the immediate mists to that time which our mortal eyes may never see,—when the fermenting mass shall have worked itself clear; when the Many shall have acquired sufficient knowledge and intelligence to discern and to obey that highest wisdom and virtue which are given to those really fit to be their guides and rulers in the world.

Towards this condition mankind, through infinite mazes of error and distractions of passion, are, we think, tending; and if this, our day, is the reign of imposture and quackery, delusions and gropings, we have confidence enough in the energy of Reason to believe that when once appealed to—as she now is—she will force her way through all obstacles. Before truth can be found, it is necessary to seek for her,—and this search has begun: often, indeed, amid labyrinths and sloughs of despond and paths that lead to nothing. But unless we believe either that there are no moral and social truths, or that mankind is struck with hopeless imbecility and blindness, we must cling to the persuasion that one by one, after their course of mischief shall be run, the errors that now govern and afflict the world will sink back into

the black night from whence they sprang, and leave the path clear. Therefore it is that we rejoice in this recognition by General Cavaignac of the truth, that men should be reasoned with and convinced in order that they may be governed or governable. Whatever shall be the merit of the treatises thus called into being, their existence is so important a fact, that we propose to lay before our readers some analysis of them as they shall severally appear. If they do not satisfy us,—if they do not extricate these all important questions from the *vague* which has hitherto left them a plastic stuff in the hands of the fanatic and the quack—the sycophant and idol of crowds of untaught and suffering men,—they will in all probability help at least to suggest what ought to be done.

For ourselves, we confess to a belief that a more living action than that of books is wanted. People who have leisure to read, and the habit of reading, have no notion of the small quantity of time and energy which the labouring man has to devote to what is, to him, comparatively a slow and laborious occupation. We believe that the heart, the voice, the eye, must speak;—that sympathy, earnest and tender, must make itself felt—in short, that apostles of moral and social truth must arise and go forth to teach. Surely the task of expounding to the men who are now blindly and madly struggling against the immutable laws of human society the science of those duties and interests which the growing complexity of the social relations has interwoven, is one for which a brave man might be glad to lay down his life.—However, we earnestly desire that the influence of the *Petits Traités* may be as powerful for good as the intentions of those with whom they originate are, we believe, excellent.

The series is inaugurated by an illustrious name. M. Cousin has felt that “divine philosophy” is never so worthily employed as in taming the brutal passions and correcting the pestilent errors of men; and that those who soar with her into regions beyond the ken of the mass, do so—or should do so—in the hope of bringing down from that empyrean some rays of truth for their guidance and consolation. His little essay bears on its front two mighty words—Justice and Charity.

Let us, however, pause with him—to consider more in detail the circumstances under which the *Traités* are published.

The National Convention had, as he tells us, the glory of creating the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences:—“sciences which consider man in himself or in society, which teach his nature and his end, his history and laws, which instruct him in what manner to elevate his sentiments and improve his condition. These sciences, the greater number of which were hardly regarded as such a century ago, are philosophy, morals, legislation, political economy, and general history.” The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences was suppressed by the Empire, and not revived by the Restoration. It was re-established by the Revolution of 1830; since which time it has continued its useful labours. It has published a number of *Mémoires* read at its meetings, on the subjects within its competence—legislation, public instruction, the state of the working classes, the relative condition of the inhabitants of town and country, and various other problems the solution of which is a matter of public interest. It has sent abroad travellers who, like M. Villermé, have collected materials for comparative views of similar phenomena in other countries.” Such was the instrument which General Cavaignac found ready to his hand when he

undertook the task of reducing the chaos of June to order.—

At the extraordinary sitting of the 17th of July, 1848, convoked by its President, M. Charles Dupin, that gentleman informed them that two days before he had received a communication of great interest from the head of the executive government. General Cavaignac had requested the Academy to concur in the defence of social principles attacked by publications of all sorts. Persuaded that it is not enough to re-establish material order by means of force, if moral order were not established by means of true opinions, he deems it necessary to pacify the minds of the people by enlightening them. He, therefore, thought that the Academy might participate in so useful a work, and second the efforts of government by placing science at the service of society and civilization.

The President replied to General Cavaignac that the Academy to which he would communicate the General's intentions would accept with alacrity and fulfil with zeal the noble task which he proposed; that it would be grateful for his confidence; that convinced like him of the dangers to which certain theories expose the state by the confusion of mind and the perversity of feeling they engender, it had already begun to oppose to them the principles upon which are founded the rights of property, the well-being of domestic life, the liberty of nations, the progress of the world: that every one of its members would meet the wishes of the Chief of the Executive power, and would rejoice to aid in serving the most pressing interests of his country, together with the eternal cause of truth.

M. Cousin rose to express the sentiments of the Academy, and moved that the secretary be instructed—first, to write to the Chief of the Executive accepting with gratitude the honourable mission proposed to it; and, secondly, that a commission be immediately named to consult on the most prompt and efficacious means of fulfilling it and report thereon at the sitting of the following Saturday.

This commission was composed of MM. Cousin, de Beaumont, Troplong, Blanqui, Thiers. On the appointment of M. de Beaumont to represent the Republic in England, M. de Tocqueville was named to supply his place.

On the following Saturday, the President announced to the Academy that the commission had met three times to consult on the measures to be formed. That in consequence a series of treatises calculated to spread sound opinions was immediately to be undertaken, and that M. Blanqui was to proceed to Marseilles, Lyons, Rouen, and Lille to examine into the moral and economical state of those cities. The list of topics of inquiry is given. They are such as are familiar to us through our various parliamentary commissions. At the meeting of the 12th of August, the character and form of the projected publications were determined on—viz. small periodical essays on all the questions within the domain of the Academy, particularly those affecting social order.

While they preserve the general and elevated character indispensable to the labours of science and the proceedings of an academy, these little treatises must be as clear and short as the matters discussed in them will permit.

The conditions here laid down as necessary are, we fear, very injurious if not fatal to the whole design. “A general and elevated character” is the very last we should recommend to those who write to or for working men. Their books must be like their minds, plain and vigorous, and ascending constantly from particulars to generals; not the feeble or childish trash that is distributed by the good people here, but distinct, full of familiar and apposite illustration, and containing reasoning, so far as it goes, without a flaw.—The topics are excellently chosen:—

Social justice and charity; property, its bases, division and burthens; the curses of wealth and its

unequal distribution; the family, its organization and development; the conditions of the different classes of society and their means of concord and well-being, and all the most agitated points of social economy. Such are the origin and the aim of the publications now commenced. It is honourable to the Government to have called in science to aid its policy by speaking the language of good sense to the people. The Academy will endeavour to express in simple and energetic language those fundamental truths on which all society rests, and which are more necessary to a democratic society than to any other. A society which dates from yesterday, which pretends to discard every prejudice, every convention, every fiction, can be bound by reason alone. Such is now the condition of Republican France. The first right of the people is the right to truth.

We have perhaps given too much space to the historical introduction to M. Cousin's Essay, but it will be necessary to the understanding not only of this but of those which are to follow,—and it is, we repeat, so remarkable a sign of the times that we were tempted to present it in all its details. We have left too little room for the matter of the essay; which we should regret more were not a great many of the considerations contained in it familiar to the class of readers in England who interest themselves in such subjects. M. Cousin refers the principles by which society is to be governed to two classes, each of which, he says, is indispensable to its existence—justice and charity; and complains that “the authors of the most celebrated systems of morals, legislation and political economy, misled by a passion for a false unity, have recognized but one of them.” We know not exactly to what systems he refers,—but we venture to think that so far as England is concerned he is mistaken. Some economists may have pushed the fanaticism or the pedantry of science to a point at which the tender and benevolent sympathies seem thrown out of the account of the social structure,—but they are few, and society has quickly rebelled against their doctrines and their practice.

Give me (says our author,) the fullest declaration of the duties and the rights of the man and the citizen, and I undertake to prove that this declaration may be referred to justice and to charity; and that it is incomplete if it does not allot the due portion to these two natural sentiments,—of which every society is the more or less harmonious development.

It may perhaps be questioned whether justice—i.e. respect for the rights of others—is a natural sentiment, and whether it be not rather the offspring of the necessities of society and of tutelary institutions. But be that as it may, nobody will deny that charity—human sympathy—is a natural sentiment; and, perhaps, for that very reason it does not come so much within the domain of legislation. The provinces of legislation and morals are often separated by so faint and shadowy a line, and so much has been done to confuse them, that when the duties or the rights of men are spoken of it is necessary to begin by a rigorous definition of their extent. The duties of charity are not less imperative than those of justice: but are they derived from the same source, or can they be enforced by the same sanction?

M. Cousin says that the sentiment of our own dignity as human beings, and of the dignity of our fellow men, springs from the consciousness of our own liberty and the knowledge that other men enjoy the same. Hence arises our respect for others and for ourselves. We should have been glad to find in *limine* a definition of this most potent word,—which has acquired so many meanings that it may almost be said to have none. Here the author evidently means Free Will;—for as to external liberty surely our first consciousness is of the innumerable restraints upon it to which

we are subject. And, indeed, he says, “The will, which is the seat of liberty, is the same in all men. It may have at its service different instruments, different and consequently unequal powers, whether material or spiritual. But the powers which the will employs are not the will. The only free power is that of the will, and that is essentially free.”

The following is directed against one of the prevalent diseases of the time.—

It is not true that men have a right to be equally rich, beautiful or robust; to enjoy equally; in a word, to be equally happy: for they differ originally and necessarily at all the points of their nature which correspond to pleasure, riches or happiness. God has made us with unequal powers for all these things. Here, equality is contrary to nature and the eternal order of things, for diversity is as much the order of creation as harmony. The dream of such an equality is a strange mistake, a deplorable madness. *False equality is the idol of deformed minds and hearts, of restless and ambitious selfishness.* Noble liberty has nothing to do with the furies of pride and envy. As she does not aspire to domination neither does she pretend to a chimerical equality of talents, beauty, fortune, enjoyment. Besides that equality, even were it possible, would have small value in her eyes; she demands something far greater than pleasure, fortune, or rank—respect. Respect; an equal respect of the sacred right of freedom in all that constitutes the person—that person which is really the man;—this is what liberty and true equality claim, or rather what they imperiously command.

“The reign of true equality,” he adds, “exact only respect for that which every human being possesses. Liberty and equality, thus understood, are the parents of all rights and all duties. Thought becomes sacred, and the right to its free exercise inviolable.”

M. Cousin then passes on to the origin of the rights of property; in tracing which we think him less happy. But we must pass on to other topics.—

“Justice,” he says, “confers on every man the right to do what he likes under the reservation that the exercise of this right do not prejudice the exercise of the same right in another. Peace is the natural fruit of justice; of the respect which men bear or ought to bear to each other, in virtue of that liberty [free will:] which they equally possess.” But peace and justice have permanent and indefatigable enemies in the passions, daughters of the body, and naturally enemies of liberty, the offspring of the soul. From the necessity of repressing their excesses arises the idea of government. Social art is nothing else but the art of organizing the government in such a way that it may effectually watch over the institutions which protect liberty, without ever being able to turn the strength confided to it for that purpose against those institutions.

Such, observes M. Cousin, was the object of the two modern nations which have carried the genius of social organization to the highest pitch,—England in the famous Bill of Rights, and France in the immortal declaration of the Rights of Man.

The second part of the essay relates to the obligation which the author classes under the head of Charity. And here we fall into that confusion between the obligations which government is, as he says, created and authorized to enforce, and those which are prescribed by morality, prompted by original and irresistible sentiments, and placed under the immediate sanction of religion. M. Cousin gives to the word Charity that large and true extension which enables it to embrace the devoted patriotism of a Decius. He says that such acts are prompted by “an instinct superior to law, which is in morals what genius is in art.” If this be so, it is difficult to see how any political or legislative system can be founded on it, however truly it may be entitled to the veneration and love of mankind. He says truly, that “this law is manifested by a cry of the con-

science: that is its promulgation.” But the conscience is hidden in a shrine unapproachable by legislators or rulers—how then can the State have any action upon it?

There is great justice in the following remarks.—

We must confess that charity has also its dangers. It tends to substitute its own action for that of its object; it in some degree effaces his personality and makes itself in some sort his providence. In trying to be useful to others, we intrude upon them; and we risk infringing their rights. What delicacy is needed in the exercise of this perilous virtue! How are we to appreciate the degree of liberty which one of our fellow creatures still enjoys with sufficient certainty to know to what point we may substitute ourselves for him in the government of his destiny? Charity is often the beginning and the excuse, and always the pretext, of great usurpation. Before we have the right to give ourselves up to the emotions of charity, we must have strengthened ourselves in a long exercise of justice.

Nothing can be more just than this. But when the eloquent author affirms that “by confounding these two parts of morals, justice, and charity, the greatest moralists have run into exclusive theories equally false and equally dangerous,” we are inclined to reply that they did not confound but, on the contrary, distinguished the province of legislation, or that of economical phenomena and laws, from the province of moral sentiments and religious obligations. In proposing to treat of the one and not of the other, they by no means denied the existence or the importance of the latter.

The following concluding passage is an eloquent expression of the great truth that a government is in some sort the expression of the moral and intellectual condition of the people governed—a truth which can never be too often repeated.—

Mankind remain for a long time under the form of liberty which suffices to them. This form can be established and supported only in as far as it suits the wants of mankind. There is no such thing as entire and absolute oppression, even in the periods which appear to us the most oppressed; for a state of society endures only by the consent of those who live under it. Men desire only as much liberty as they can conceive; and it is upon ignorance far more than upon servility that despotisms are founded. The middle ages, in which slavery gradually yields to the influence of the Gospel, possessed much more liberty than the ancient world. Now, it appears to us an epoch of oppression, because the human mind being no longer satisfied with the liberties it then enjoyed, would, if enclosed within those limits, suffer real oppression. But the proof that the human race did not feel itself oppressed is, that it supported its condition. The forms of society, when they suit its wants, are immovable. The rash man who dares to touch them dashes himself in pieces against them; but when a form of society has served its time,—when people conceive and desire more rights than they possess,—when what was a prop becomes an obstacle,—when the spirit of liberty and love of the people have withdrawn themselves from the form once the most puissant and the most adored, the first man who lays hands on this idol, deserted by the deity that had animated it, overthrows it with ease and reduces it to dust. Thus does the human race go on from form to form, from revolution to revolution, advancing over ruins, but always advancing. Revolutions, thus considered, no longer dismay the friend of humanity, because beyond the momentary destruction he discerns perpetual renovation; because when he sees one form of society fall he believes firmly that the future form, whatever be the present appearances, will be better than all that have preceded it. Such is the consolation, the hope, the faith of the philosopher. The crises of humanity announce themselves by gloomy symptoms and sinister phenomena. The nations which lose their ancient form aspire to a new form which is less distinct to their eyes and agitates them much more than it consoles by the vague hopes it gives and the distant prospects it discloses. It is the negative side of things that is clear,—the

positive is a well known, in mists and soul which Our asylum People ask tending?—ought to be from us.—not. Th suffice to perpetual intellect join and practise which indiv ment can in ible respect ought to be charity, wh the rules of With th close our series wh interesting that it m authors c mankind.

Martin I. Lieder gard. Old Flem deren J. London

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positive is obscure. The past, which is rejected, is well known—the future, which is invoked, is clothed in mists and darkness. Hence those troubles of the soul which often lead, in individuals, to scepticism. Our asylum from trouble and scepticism is philosophy. People ask on all sides to what the human race is tending?—let us rather inquire the sacred aim which it ought to pursue. What will be, may be hidden from us—what we ought to do, God be thanked, is not. There are principles which subsist and which suffice to guide us amidst all the trials of life and the perpetual mobility of human affairs. The humblest intellect joined to a human heart may understand and practise them; and they contain all the obligations which individuals or states in their highest development can incur. They are, first, justice—the inviolable respect which the liberty [free will] of one man ought to have for that of another man; and then charity, whose inspirations vivify without changing the rules of justice.

With this noble and consolatory passage we close our report of the opening treatise of a series whose origin and purpose is so profoundly interesting:—and we do so with a fervent hope that it may accomplish all the good which its authors can desire for their country and for mankind.

Martin Luther's Religious Songs—[*Geistliche Lieder*]. By Philip Wackernagel. Stuttgart.

Old Flemish Songs—[*Oude Nederlansche Liederen*]. By T. F. Willem. Ghent, Gyselynck; London, Williams & Norgate.

Martin Luther, it is well known, was a compound of strange and heterogeneous materials. One striking peculiarity of his character was his singular and enthusiastic love of music. Not that there is abstractedly anything remarkable in such a passion: but in him it had a singular effect,—contrasting strikingly with the bold and indomitable qualities of his nature. He had an admirable ear for harmony, and was no mean proficient on several instruments. He had also a beautiful voice, which he constantly kept in order by the chanting of hymns and sacred songs. The principles of church-music he studied profoundly,—and he composed several pieces of great merit. But the most striking thing about his musical character was the power which melody had over himself. He seemed melted and subdued into a state of almost helplessness by its tones. Amid their influence, all other faculties of body and mind appeared suspended:—he was in a state of ecstatic rapture. In letters which he wrote to Linæus, (Frankfort edition, 1649), we find him jesting about this extreme susceptibility—which he considered as a weakness in his character. He tells Linæus seriously that it was his custom to sing a hymn every night before he retired to rest; and, such was the soothing power of the melody over him, that, however much he might have been excited or troubled throughout the day, from the moment when the key-note fell upon his ear he forgot all earthly matters and vexations.

Unfortunately, we know very little of the time when the first religious songs of Luther were composed—or in what manner they were introduced to the world and made popular. One essential matter, however, we are sure of—viz., that the primitive texts and melodies have been scrupulously and faithfully retained. The oldest editions of these pious effusions date as far back as 1524; but copies of them are exceedingly scarce—so much so, that of the two first editions there is only one copy known.

The editor of the present collection has not only collated and made a judicious choice from these ancient materials—but has, in addition, furnished us with some very important and curious researches connected with the subject

generally. In his able Introduction he descants on the many ancient works which contain popular religious music,—and on the influence which such productions have over the feelings and opinions of the mass of the people. He gives many historical facts and details showing the importance, in a musical as well as in a literary point of view, of the collection which he has here presented to the public.

In this publication we have *thirty-seven* religious melodies of Luther—the music and harmony of which are very touching and striking. The words are full of poetical feeling and simplicity. The *thirty-second* song is a remarkable paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer—the first line of each verse commencing with one of its clauses. It were a hopeless task, however, to attempt the translation of any of these hymns; as their simple and touching beauty depends mainly on the peculiar nature of the German rhythm.

By way of making this collection as complete as possible the author has furnished:—1st. An index containing the most remarkable and ancient song-books that are connected with the history of the Lutheran hymns,—and a chronological table of the date when most of these curious and interesting compositions were written. 2nd. Historical and literary remarks on Luther's melodies. 3rd. A collection of nineteen ancient melodies, which are mentioned in the preceding sketch,—and, 4th. An ingenious explanation of the allegorical woodcuts which embellish every separate melody. We thank Mr. Philip Wackernagel for his book. It will be welcome to the lovers of ancient literature, of music, and of the fine arts generally. The information spread throughout it is at once recondite and interesting.

It may be considered a somewhat curious coincidence, that at the precise time when the Songs of Luther were publishing in Germany, the fourth part of the *Old Flemish Songs*, edited by M. Willem—of the preceding parts of which we have given some account [*Athenæum*, No. 979]—appeared in Belgium, containing the ancient Christmas carols and religious melodies of the country. The words and music of Willem's collection are taken partly out of rare and forgotten books, and partly from ancient manuscripts. Among all the northern nations it is a very old custom to sing these Christmas songs in the streets—and in no part of the European continent has this custom been more religiously observed than in Flanders. In every town, even at the present day, may be seen a party of three or four singers, dressed like shepherds, wandering up and down in the evenings, one of whom carries a stick to the end of which is attached a golden-paper star. This is waved about in the air whilst the party are singing. Von Erlach ('*Volkslieder der Deutschen*,' t. I., p. 147) says that the same custom was preserved in Holland until the commencement of the present century. The reader may find a description of the Dutch singers in Hoffman von Fallersleben, '*Horre Belgice*,' tom. II. p. 70.

It happens, generally speaking, that those who wander from street to street singing these carols never learned them from books. Indeed, very few of them have ever been printed; but they are handed down by tradition from father to son.—We will attempt a translation of parts of one which appears to be among the prettiest of these pieces. It must be considered not a poetical but a literal translation.—

Ye moon and stars, bright planets of the night,
Never before have ye shone forth so bright!
With what celestial secret do ye glow?
A secret which the wanderer soon shall know:—
For in the middle of the glorious light
An angel stands revealed to human sight;
A sweet voice speaks,—to Bethlehem points the way;
They in amazement, following, obey.

Ye Bethlehemites and Jewish men of power,
Shepherds from Jordan's banks, in this still hour
Do you not hear an infant's wailing cries?—
It is the great Messiah weeping lies.

God, from whose mighty hand the lightning flies,
Whose thunder echoes through the trembling skies,
Whose word can change the heart of all mankind,
Whose power is mighty over every mind,
Who holds the world up with his hand of might,—
He weeps with childish plaint, at dead of night!

This extract may give some notion of the wild beauty which these old religious songs of the people enshrine in their original tongue.

England under the House of Hanover, its History and Condition during the Reigns of the Three Georges, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the Day. By Thomas Wright, M.A. 2 vols. Bentley.

THERE is merit in the idea of this book—and some merit in the execution. Mr. Wright, however, is too fresh from Anglo-Saxon and Early-English studies to have made it what it should be,—and Mr. Fairholt, who contributes nearly two hundred fac-simile illustrations, is an amateur artist at the best. The points selected by Mr. Wright are not, therefore, always the most striking,—indeed, as we shall have to show, he has entirely overlooked many of the leading passages of satire; while Mr. Fairholt has given us too many little bits from caricatures, and too often missed the characteristic expressions of his original. There has been a careful hunting up of caricatures to make the book what it is (and in this way it is curious); but till the time of George Townshend, Sayer, Rowlandson, and Gillray there is very little of this kind (Hogarth always excepted) possessing any degree of merit. 'The Motion,' a satire of the year 1741—praised extremely by Horace Walpole—is perhaps the single exception. There is spirit in the idea—the story is well told—the locality of Whitehall is accurately mapped,—and the verses beneath have been quoted by Boswell and Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Wright is not insensible of the difficulty of his undertaking:—

"The work now laid before the public is necessarily but a sketch; only the more prominent points of the history of a hundred years are seized upon, and put forward in relief. The original plan adopted has been to use caricatures and satires in the same manner that other historical illustrations are commonly used, by extracting from them the point, or at least a point, which bears more particularly or directly on the subject under consideration; thus, a few figures are taken from a caricature, or a few lines from a song. Some of the more remarkable caricatures have been given entire, on separate plates. The idea, it is believed, is new, and I had to contend with the difficulties of labouring in so extensive a field, where nobody had previously cleared the way. These difficulties were, indeed, much greater than I foresaw, for no public collections of caricatures, or of political tracts and papers, exist."

We should have had no occasion to quarrel with Mr. Wright if he had confined his illustrations and remarks to "the prominent points only." Unfortunately, however, "the prominent points" are too often omitted. Let us mention a few, and just in the order that they occur to us. In the first place, there is not a single passage in the two volumes to denote that the writer had ever heard of the '*Memoirs of Lord Hervey*'—published in the spring of the present year, and extensively extracted from in every paper throughout the three kingdoms. If he had seen the book he would surely have made use of it, and just as surely would have quoted some of its pasquinades. Lord Hervey tells us that George II. was extremely annoyed by the following verses:—

You may strut, dapper George, but 't will all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.

Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse as your dad did before you.

Mr. Wright omits them altogether. Lord Hervey relates (Mr. Wright does not) that an old lean, lame, blind horse was turned into the streets with a broken saddle on his back and a pillow behind it, and on the horse's forehead the following inscription—"Let nobody stop me—I am the King's Hanover Equipage, going to fetch his Majesty and his — to England." There are others of the same kind preserved by Lord Hervey, which surely should have found a place in a work professing to describe "England under the House of Hanover" from the lampoons and libels of the day. It is enough, however, to refer to them, because our catalogue of omissions is not confined to what Lord Hervey has preserved. In his account of the famous Licensing Act, Mr. Wright omits to allude to Brooke's play of 'Gustavus Vasa' or Thomson's play of 'Edward and Eleonora,'—both of which were prohibited from the stage on account of their supposed political tendencies. In his account of Walpole's Excise scheme, he has omitted all the light but brilliant strokes that were aimed against it by Pope, by Dr. Johnson in his 'London,' and by Hawkins Browne—nor has he said a word about the threatened prosecution of Johnson for his dictionary definition of the word Excise. He has entirely missed the great political point of 'The Beggars' Opera,' in the quarrel between Penchum and Lockit—i.e. Sir Robert Walpole and his brother-in-law Lord Townshend—"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong." In the affair of the Spanish War which the Tories were so urgent to fasten upon Walpole, he omits all allusion to Johnson's masterly hits at the minister in his poem of 'London' or Thomson's indignant scorn of him in his poem of 'Britannia.' He is content with quoting a passage from Walpole's letters about the noisy opposition of Paul Whitehead; but omits to tell us that the poet (though a small one) was summoned before the House of Lords for his satire called 'Manners'—more it is thought as a hint to Pope than from any wish to punish him. He has entirely overlooked Johnson's early satire 'Marmor Norfolciense,' which Pope thought exceedingly humorous. He delights in an attack on Walpole and the King, and describes the minute changes of dress; but has altogether overlooked the admirable 'Heroic Epistle' of Mason, which diverted King George III. and his architect, Chambers, from their intended introduction of Chinese architecture and Chinese gardening into the gardens of Richmond and Buckingham House,—and thus stopped a false taste in Art which the sanction of the Court would have made very general. His account of the downfall of Lord Bath, "who foamed a patriot to subside a peer," would lead the reader to believe that the fall was unaccompanied by satire or lampoon,—and that the light shaft of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams or the indignant scorn of Akenside, in his 'Epistle to Curio,' had never been aimed against that nobleman. He occasionally indulges in references to our foreign policy; but is silent about the Jacobite poetry of Scotland,—which surely was heard at St. James's, and might have formed, if not an integral part, a very readable episode in 'The History of England under the House of Hanover.' He misses Pope's sarcastic reference to Queen Caroline's end,—

All parts performed and all her children blest;
and his bold bitter note asserting that she bestowed her laugh equally on religion and on honesty. He describes the early influence of Lord Bute; but omits to state the part which he took in endeavouring to suppress Macklin's Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm,—and that George II., whose age kept him from public places, sent for

the copy of the play and ordered it to be read to him. In his account of Byng's misfortune and fate he omits to observe that George Townshend invented a new species of caricature on the occasion, called by Walpole "caricatures on cards,"—the original one of which, he says, had amazing vent. He gives an account of the Bottle Conjuror at the Haymarket Theatre,—but tells us that the contriver of this notable hoax is still unknown; whereas it is well enough known that it was got up by the eccentric Duke of Montague, and that the person who appeared was a poor Scotchman who had some office about the India House. He tells us that Madame Walmoden was Lady Suffolk,—not Mrs. Howard; describes the quarrels of Cuzzoni and Faustina; misses the feuds of Handel and Bononcini which occasioned the well-known epigram,—

Strange all this difference should be
Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee;

and neglects altogether Carey's 'Dragon of Wantley,' which King George II. took delight in talking about. He is wholly silent about the memorable speech which Becketford is said to have addressed to King George III.; and which it is now asserted he never did make,—though the citizens of London inscribed it upon his monument in Guildhall as if he had really uttered every syllable. He describes the Shakespeare forgeries of Ireland, but omits Bonnell Thornton's exhibition of sign-painters in ridicule of the Royal Academy, and Horne's exhibition of his Conjuror in ridicule of Sir Joshua's manner of concocting his pictures. He neglects to tell us that Shippen (the downright Shippen immortalized by Pope) was sent to the Tower for saying that "the second part of the King's speech seemed calculated rather for the meridian of Germany than of Great Britain." Then, again, the history of Walpole and of his administration might surely have been enlivened with some of the satiric strokes which Swift inserted in his 'Rhapsody on Poetry'; and which occasioned Goldsmith's observation, that the severity of a poet gave Walpole very little uneasiness—a man whose schemes, like this minister's, seldom extended beyond the exigency of the year, but little regarded the contempt of posterity. It would not be difficult to swell the catalogue of principal points omitted:—but it is time to turn to what Mr. Wright's industry (and he has not been idle) has succeeded in bringing to light from the gazetteers and magazines so seldom opened, and yet so curiously illustrative of bygone manners and customs and allusions now imperfectly understood.

The following song on the Duke of Ormond of 1715, preserved traditionally in the Isle of Wight, was taken down by Mr. C. Roach Smith from the mouth of an itinerant fishmonger, who knew no more about it than that it had been sung by his father and grandfather before him.—

I am Ormond the Brave,—did you ever hear of me?
A man lately banish'd from his own country.
I fought for my life, and I pawn'd my estate,
For being so loyal to the Queen and the great.
You know I am Ormond, I am Ormond the Brave;
You call me Jammy Butler, but I am Ormond the Brave!

Between Ormond and Marlbro' there rose a great dispute:
Says Ormond to Marlbro', "I was born a duke,
And you but a foot-page to wait upon a lady;
You may thank the kind fortune, since the wars they have made ye."

And sing hey, etc.

"Oh!" says Marlbro', "now do not say so;
For if you do, from the court you shall go."
"Oh, then," says Ormond, "do not be so cruel,
But draw forth your sword, and I'll end it with a duel."
But Marlbro' went away, and he came no more there;
When the brave Duke of Ormond threw his sword into the air.

And sing hey, etc.

"Begone, then," says Ormond, "you cowardly traitor!
To rob my soldiers it never was my nature,

As you have done before, we well understand;
You fill'd up your coffers, and impoverish'd your own land—
And sing hey, etc.

"I never was a traitor, as you have been saying:
I never damn'd Queen Anne, as she lay in her grave;
But I was Queen Anne's darling, and Old England's delight,
And for the crown of England so boldly I did fight—
And sing hey, etc.

There is some humour and truth in the following burlesque "Bill of Costs for a late Tory election in the West," which Mr. Wright has transcribed from the *Flying Post* newspaper of January 27, 1715.—

	£.	s.	d.
Impria, for bespeaking and collecting a mob	20	0	0
Item, for many suits of knots for their heads	30	0	0
For scores of huzzamen	40	0	0
For roars of the word "Church"	40	0	0
For a set of "No Roundhead" roars	40	0	0
For several gallons of Tury punch on Church bombastions	30	0	0
For a majority of clubs and brandy-bottles	20	0	0
For bell-ringers, fiddlers, and porters	10	0	0
For a set of coffee-house praters	40	0	0
For extraordinary expense for cloths and lac'd hats on show-days, to dazzle the mob	50	0	0
For Dissenters' damners	40	0	0
For demolishing two houses	200	0	0
For committing two riots	200	0	0
For secret encouragement to the rioters	40	0	0
For a dozen of perjury men	100	0	0
For packing and carriage paid to Gloucester	50	0	0
For breaking windows	20	0	0
For a gang of aldermen-abusers	40	0	0
For a set of notorious lyars	50	0	0
For pot-ale	100	0	0
For law, and charges in the King's Bench	300	0	0
	1460	0	0

Our late railway mania was not unlike the South Sea Bubble of the year 1720. 'Change Alley and Capel Court were similarly thronged.

A South Sea Ballad; or, Merry Remarks upon Exchange Alley Bubbles.

To a new tune called "The Grand Elidir; or, the Philosopher's Stone discovered."

In London stands a famous pile,
And near that pile an alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toll,
And Wisdom stoops to Folly.
Here sad and joyful, high and low,
Court Fortune for her graces,
And as she smiles or frowns, they show
Their gestures and grimaces.

Here stars and garters do appear,
Among our Lords the rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear,
The Jews and Gentiles squalle.
Here crafty courtiers are too wise
For those who trust to Fortune;
They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
Who peep behind the curtain.

Our greatest ladies hither come,
And ply in chariots daily;
Oft pawn their jewels for a sum
To venture in the Alley.

Longheads may thrive by sober rules,
Because they think, and drink not;
But longheads are our thriving fools,
Who only drink and think not.
The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,
Leap into South Sea water,
And there they fish for golden frogs,
Not caring what comes a'ter.

'Tis said that alchemists of old
Could turn a brazen kettle,
Or leaden cistern, into gold,—
That noble tempting metal;
But if it were made allow'd
To bring in great and small things,
Our cunning South Sea, like a god,
Turns nothing into all things!

What need have we of Indian wealth,
Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labours.
Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds,
They bring us wealth, 'tis granted,
But lodge their treasure in the clouds,
To hide it till it's wanted.

O Britain, bless thy present state,
Thou only happy nation;
So oddly rich, so madly great,
Since bubbles came in fashion!
Successful rakes exert their pride,
And count their airy millions;
Whilst homely drabs in coaches ride,
Brought up to town on pillions.

Few men who follow reason's rules
Grow fat with South Sea diet;
Young rattles and unthinking fools
Are those that flourish by it.
Old musty jades, and pushing blades,
Who've least consideration,
Grow rich apace; whilst wiser heads
Are struck with admiration.

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A race of men, who t'other day
Lay crush'd beneath disasters,
Are now by stock brought into play,
And made our lords and masters.
But should our South Sea Babel fall,
What numbers would be frowning!
The losers then must cease their gall
By hanging or by drowning.
Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
Our stocks are worth in value;
But neither lie in goods nor lands,
Or money, let me tell you.
Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapour;
When all the riches that we boast
Consists in scraps of paper!

The following song was popular in May 1757,
when the Gin question was again in agitation.

The Beer-drinking Briton.

To true honest Britons, who love your own land,
Whose sires were so brave, so victorious, and free;
Who always beat France when they took her in hand—
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.
Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good
cheer,
The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
Your wine-tipping, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat!
The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd fruit;
But we have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
Let us sing our own treasures, &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with our
poles,
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-jaws ring.
For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls
Who will shed their last blood for their country and king.
Let us sing our own treasures, &c.

The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was
mainly instrumental in the return of Charles
James Fox at the Westminster election of the
year 1784. Sam House was a patriotic pub-
lican drawing good beer in Wardour Street,
Soho.—

"But the most active and successful of Fox's
canvassers, and the most ungenerously treated by
the opposite party, was the beautiful and accom-
plished Duchess of Devonshire (Georgiana Spencer).
Attended by several others of the beauties of the
Whig aristocracy, she was almost daily present at
the election, wearing Fox's cockade; and she went
about personally soliciting votes, which she obtained
in great numbers by the influence of her personal
charms and by her affability. The Tories were greatly
annoyed at her ladyship's proceedings: they accused
her of wholesale bribery; and it was currently re-
ported that she had in one instance bought the vote
of a butcher with a kiss—an incident which was
immediately exhibited to people's eyes in multitudes
of pictures, with more or less of exaggeration. But
nothing could be more disgraceful than the profusion
of scandalous and indecent abuse which was heaped
upon this noble lady by the ministerial press, espe-
cially by its two great organs, the *Morning Post* and
the *Advertiser*. The insult in some cases was merely
coarse, such as the following from the *Morning Post*:
—'The Duchess of Devonshire yesterday canvassed
the different alehouses of Westminster in favour of
Mr. Fox; about one o'clock she took her share of a
pot of porter at Sam House's in Wardour Street.'
The same paper makes her write to the candidate:
—'Yesterday I sent you three votes, but went
through great fatigue to secure them; it cost me ten
kisses for every plumper. I'm much afraid we are
done up,—will see you at the porter-shop, and consult
about ways and means.' Others of these newspaper
pamphlets were more pointedly insulting to the
feelings of a virtuous female."

The diamond presented, through Warren
Hastings, by the Nizam of the Decan to King
George III. "on Wednesday, the 14th of June
1786," occasioned "an excellent new song to
the tune of Derry Down;" which Mr. Wright
has re-printed from a single sheet of coarse
paper of the time.—

I'll sing you a song of a diamond so fine,
That soon in the crown of our monarch will shine;
Of its size and its value the whole country rings,
By Hastings bestow'd on the best of all kings.

Derry down, &c.

From India this jewel was lately brought o'er,
Though sunk in the sea, it was found on the shore,
And just in the nick to St. James's it got,
Convey'd in a bag by the brave Major Scott.

Derry down, &c.

Lord Sydney stepp'd forth, when the tidings were known—
It's his office to carry such news to the throne;—
Though quite out of breath, to the closet he ran,
And stammer'd with joy ere his tale he began.

Derry down, &c.

"Here's a jewel, my liege, there's none such in the land,
Major Scott, with three bows, put it into my hand;
And he swore, when he gave it, the wise ones were bit,
For it never was shown—to Dundas or to Pitt."

Derry down, &c.

"For Dundas," cried our sovereign, "unpolished and rough,
Give him a Scotch pebble; it's more than enough.
And jewels to Pitt Hastings justly refuses,
For he has already more gifts than he uses."

Derry down, &c.

"But run, Jenky, run!" adds the King in delight,
Bring the queen and the princesses here for a sight;
They never would pardon the negligence shown,
If we kept from their knowledge so glorious a stone.

Derry down, &c.

"But guard the door, Jenky, no credit we'll win
If the prince in a frolic should chance to step in;
The boy to such secrets of state we'll ne'er call,
Let him wait till he gets our crown, income, and all."

Derry down, &c.

In the princesses run, and, surprised, cry, "O la!
'Tis as big as the egg of a pigeon, papa."
"And a pigeon of plummage worth plucking is he,"
Replies our good monarch, "who sent it to me."

Derry down, &c.

Madam Schwellenberg peep'd through the door at a chink,
And tipp'd on the diamond a sly German wink;
As much as to say, "Can we ever be cruel
To him who has sent us so glorious a jewel?"

Derry down, &c.

Now, God save the queen! while the people I teach,
How the king may grow rich, while the Commons impeach;
Then let nabobs go plunder, and rob as they will,
And throw in their diamonds as grist to his mill.

Derry down, &c.

The great caricaturist of the reign of George
III. was Gillray,—whose varied merits and
humour are too little known. His Life deserves
to be written at some length.—

"The caricaturist who thus burlesqued royalty
had a pique against George III., very similar to that
of Hogarth against George II. Gillray had accom-
panied Louthembourg into France, to assist him in
making sketches for his grand picture of the siege of
Valenciennes. On their return, the King, who made
great pretensions to be a patron of the arts, desired
to look over their sketches, and expressed great
admiration of the drawings of Louthembourg, which
were plain landscapes, finished sufficiently to be
perfectly intelligible. But when he came to Gillray's
rough but spirited sketches of French officers and
soldiers, he threw them aside with contempt, merely
observing, 'I don't understand these caricatures.'
The mortified artist took his revenge by publishing a
large print of the King examining a portrait of Oliver
Cromwell, executed by Cooper, to which he gave
the title of 'A Connoisseur examining a Cooper.'
The royal countenance exhibits a curious mixture of
astonishment and alarm as he contemplates the fea-
tures of the great overthrower of kings, whose name
was at this moment put forth as the watchword of
revolutionists. The King is burning a candle-end on
a wave—all! This print was published on the 18th of
June, 1792. Gillray, who had not the same depend-
ence on court as Sayer, who was much inferior to
him in talent, seldom loses an opportunity of turning
the King to ridicule."

The proposed Hat Tax of the year 1797
afforded a subject for the fertile pencil of Gill-
ray.—

"One of the taxes proposed during the spring of
1797, which gave most room for satire and ridicule,
was a duty on hats, which people evaded by wearing
caps. Gillray, in a caricature published on the 5th
of April—entitled 'Le bonnet rouge; or, John Bull
evading the hat-tax'—intimates the danger that such
taxes might drive John Bull to adopt the republican
costume of his neighbours; and he certainly does
look 'transformed.' John chuckles in contemplation
of the astonishment that his ruler must feel when he
beholds the strange effect of his taxes—'Waunds!
when Measter Billy sees I in a red cap how he will
stare!—egad, I thinks I shall cook'en at last!—well,
if I could but once get a cockade to my red cap, and
a bit of a gun—why, I thinks I should make a good
stockey soldier."

We cannot part with Mr. Wright without
extracting that part of his Preface in which he

introduces the subject to the notice of his
reader.—

"The application of song, and satire, and picture,
to politics, is a thing of no modern date; for we trace
it more or less among every people with whose his-
tory we have much acquaintance. Caricatures and
songs have been found in Egyptian tombs. The song
and the lampoon were the constant attendants on,
and incentives in, those incessant political struggles
which, during the middle ages, were preparing for
the formation of modern society; and many an old
manuscript and sculptured block, whether of wood
or stone, show that our forefathers in the middle
ages understood well the permanent force of pictorial
satire. But it is more especially in religious matters
that the middle ages, like antiquity, have shown
a full perception of the importance of appealing
through the eye to the hearts of the masses. In the
rapid and temporary movements of political strife,
this weapon could not be adopted with much effect
until after the invention of printing, when, by a quick
process, pictures engraved could be multiplied indefi-
nitely. It was in the latter part of the sixteenth,
and especially during the seventeenth century, that
engraved caricatures became a very formidable in-
strument in working upon the feelings of the popu-
lace. Songs and lampoons, which every tongue could
assist in circulating, have never ceased to show them-
selves in great abundance during every political
movement since the period when the small amount
of historical information which time has left us, allows
us first to trace them; and they, as well as car-
icatures, have been by far too much neglected as his-
torical documents,—for in them, perhaps, alone can
we hope to trace many of the real motives which
caused or exerted an influence over all the great
popular revolutions of the past."

Mr. Wright is an author of ability, attain-
ments and research; but we cannot recommend
his 'England under the House of Hanover' as
anything more than a good subject imperfectly
run over and still open to another writer. The
thorough comprehension of a century is the
labour of a life; yet Mr. Wright is one day
labouring with Anglo-Saxon times, another with
Chaucer, one year with Queen Elizabeth, an-
other with Cromwell and the Rump Parliament:
—and here we have him attempting, unsuccess-
fully, as might be expected, the difficult under-
taking of illustrating our own times.

*Jerome Paturot's Search after the Best of all
Republics*—[*Jérôme Paturot à la Recherche
de la Meilleure des Républiques*]. By Louis
Reybaud. Jeffs.

Is the crash of dynasties none are secure:—
even a Paturot may fall! Jerome—whose search
after a social position we have so recently seen
ending in discomfiture and obscurity—whose
"grandeurs" dwindled into a miserable "*emploi
en province*"—Jerome also fell a victim to
the Revolution of February. The Provisional
Government shook not only Europe,—it shook
Jerome; not only did it ruin commerce,—it
threw Paturot out of office. Let Royal histo-
riographers chronicle the destinies of kings:—
Jerome has a pen, and will chronicle his own.

Under the ancient dynasty—under Louis
Philippe—Jerome was but an ill-paid clerk.
It had gone ill with him in the world, and the
world had forgotten him; but he answered its
neglect with his disdain. Though a paid servant
of the government, he was cold and severe in
his attitude towards it. He accepted its salary,
but not its principles. Let *députés* vote and
shout as they pleased, he refused his protection
and sympathy to the Government of July.—

The current of things led me yet further. It is
not easy to arrest oneself when censure once begins.
I sought but one culprit, and I found two; to the
faults of Government I had to add those of society.
I began to doubt whether this world, so full of im-
perfections and contrasts, satisfactorily fulfilled the
aim of the Divinity. Looking at it calmly, I could

see nothing in it but an incomplete sketch worthy only of the infancy of Art. It seemed to me that, with the slightest effort of imagination, I could suggest something which would be less incoherent and more harmonious. This thought exalted me:—I understood the pride of Prometheus in his struggle against heaven.

Jerome became a republican; and the Republic soon after came to realize his hopes. He now takes up that pen which has rendered famous the struggles of his early life to narrate the deceptions of his middle age. The Republic has not realized his hopes!

Such is the purpose of M. Louis Reybaud's third part of Jerome Paturot, now in course of publication. The idea is not a bad one, if we except the returning to an old subject—which has seldom succeeded with any writer, from Cervantes down to Boz; and though some parts of this work are amusing, it is wearisome on the whole. To render the extravagancies of the Revolution ridiculous was not difficult; but M. Reybaud has too often dropped the satirist to assume the preacher. He writes in his own person rather than in that of Jerome Paturot; and what he writes is sensible, but not amusing. Some happy touches and some hard hits there certainly are; but the work bears the impress of being written to suit a temporary circumstance, and written hastily.

When the Republic is declared, its first act is to send its commissioners into the departments to agitate and keep alive republican enthusiasm. In the department where Jerome lives the people are marvellously indifferent to politics—quiet, inoffensive *bourgeois*, thinking only of their commerce. This tranquillity excites the choler of the republican chief commissioner; who demands of his colleague an explanation.

"What goes on here? What have you done? Have you clubs, as at Paris?"—"No, indeed; we have no clubs."—"Have you any promenades of the various professions, as at Paris?"—"No; none."—"No promenades! no clubs! This is serious. I hope, at least, you have had *lampions*, as at Paris?"—"The assembly regarded each other in silent disappointment. The sense of their fault penetrated them; and they were obliged to avow that they had not even had *lampions*. "And you talk of a republic!" exclaimed the indignant commissioner; "a republic without *lampions*, without promenades, without clubs! Now I am prepared for anything. I will wager there has been no Tree of Liberty erected here amidst fireworks and tricolour ribbons!" "Conscience-stricken, their silence was their reply. "I thought as much," he continued. "Let no more be said. All is lost. Nothing as at Paris; nothing, nothing! Not one grand idea, not one noble spectacle! O Republic! is it thus that thou art inaugurated? Where are thy *fasces*? where is thine antique drapery?" Turning to his colleague, he demanded, "Have you agitated the department?"—"Agitated it! For what? It made no resistance."—"In appearance perhaps so; but at bottom it is refractory, believe me. Have you at least turned away all the functionaries of the deposed government?"—"Why should I? They all hastened to declare their adherence."—"Pure comedy! You have been played with, colleague? What! not a single dismissal?"—"Only three or four. If you but knew how submissive the department is!"—"That's it! Submissive! They all pretend submission, but in reality they conspire. Colleague, you must agitate. Recover lost time! Proclamations—bulletins! Above all, be careful of the style; let there be words as big as houses!"—"Very well."—"You must have a club:—two, if possible."—"I will have three."—"You must plant a Tree of Liberty, with fireworks and tricolour ribbons as accompaniments."—"I will plant two!"—"You must organize promenades. As to public ceremonies, the programme is before you. Let them be grandiose—that is the great and essential point. In case of need, run the town into debt: no money can be better spent. Imitate Paris. Let there be young girls dressed in white and oxen with gilded horns. Elevate the souls of men by grand

spectacles. Give them allegory—no end of allegory."—"They shall have allegories, since you wish it."—"Well and good, my dear colleague. I see with pleasure that you recur to real republican principles. They may be summed up in two words—agitation and dismissal—above all, dismissal! No hesitation, no weakness! Dismiss and dismiss: that is the way to establish a republic."

The result of these instructions is, the complete demoralization of the department; which from a peaceful and politically indifferent place becomes a centre of republican fury. Among the dismissals occurs that of Jerome. What! the republican before the republic—he who proclaimed "the pure principles" when there was only danger in the proclamation—was to be suspected of attachment to the ancient order of things! Jerome sets off for Paris to have an interview with the minister, convinced that a mere statement of his case is all that is necessary for his re-admission.

Arrived at Paris, he is, of course, spectator of all the follies that have been acted there during the last few months. He goes to the clubs,—attends the Luxembourg,—visits the Hotel de Ville. He hears men of all parties, and criticizes them all. There is very little humour in all these chapters; perhaps because the writer was too much in earnest. Jerome meets with Oscar, the artist of the "hairy school"; who is now the great republican artist, swelling with triumph at the doors of the Louvre being opened to all men without the formality of a judgment. The brush has been enfranchised—all palettes proclaimed equal. The aristocracy of Art has seen its day,—it is the turn of the third estate! Oscar belonged to that class:—the jury had refused his pictures with distressing unanimity. His time for vengeance has arrived, and he will show the world the masterpieces of which it had been deprived by ignorance and jealousy! Oscar takes Jerome to see a "promenade" on the Boulevards.

"You see my People, Jerome,—you see it!"—"Your People!"—"Yes, mine, Jerome. Whose should it be? Have I not borne it in my entrails,—the entrails of an artist? Is it not the people of genius and of passion? the people of colour and of outline? the people of ochre and cobalt? Yes, Jerome, it is mine: and the proof is that I on all occasions assert it, and the people never protests. See how it bears itself! what a glorious mien! what a proud attitude! O my people! my great and beautiful people! thou art strong because thou art good, and good because thou art strong! Thou art strong and good because thou art good and strong! Thou hast the vigour of the athlete, but thou hast also the grace of an infant. Jerome, there are moments when my eyes fill with tears as I think that this People is mine,—that it belongs to me, its friend and colorist!"

Oscar has a great enjoyment in store for Jerome:—he will take him to the Louvre, there to delight him with the splendours of republican Art. Arrived there, Oscar is shocked to find Jerome not in ecstasies. Jerome begins to doubt republican Art.

"Take care, Paturot! There is a touch of the sceptic in you. You play with great ideas. Sceptic, indeed! who is not so? Even the *épiciers*! That which is more rare is to have a soul intoxicated with splendours and an eye full of radiations!... it is to carry in one's bosom a world of colour and of light, and to clothe with it all objects without distinction. That is what characterizes us artists, and places an abyss between us and *épiciers*."

Not content with showing the Louvre, Oscar takes Jerome to see the exhibition of the "*concours*" for a symbolical figure of the Republic; Oscar, of course, being one of the "concurrents."

"My dear Paturot, it is into this that I have thrown my whole soul. No reminiscence, no plagiarism; but a flame the most intense, creation the

most vigorous. You know the expression which Cimabue gave to his Virgins: the *naïf*, the primitive, I have re-discovered that! You shall see."

Jerome is speechless before this specimen of romantic and republican Art. Oscar disdainfully pointing at the other works, thus speaks of his *chef-d'œuvre*.

"Look at those sketches. There is texture and some handling; but where is the conception,—where the idea? Nothing which makes you dream, nothing which carries you beyond the bounds of space! I see republics seated and republics standing—others lying, others kneeling,—near this are tigers, near that lions,—farther on are seen serpents, trees, and all the furniture of creation, with no end of spheres. But the profound thought, the inspired prophecy,—where are they? Do you see those? Do you hear them resounding in the depth of the horizon? No, Jerome, no! These things are dumb as a tomb,—while mine has all the melodies of nature! The Virgin strikes the globe, and from it issues infinite treasures. Mine delivers the key of human destinies and the sombre enigma of the Sphinx. All that in a few touches! A little colour,—and the mystery of the world is revealed! It is cyclopean,—it is geniesiac. Human genius will never transcend it."

Oscar's absurdity is one of the very few things that raise a smile throughout these volumes.—The following samples of circulars addressed by candidates for the Assembly can scarcely be called caricatures.—

Sentimental Circular.

Citizens,—Name me. The interests of the people have been the pre-occupation of all my life. I have known the people,—and have loved it. The more it is known,—the better it is beloved. How profound its philosophy,—how *naïve* its poetry! People, thou hast all the graces as thou hast all the virtues,—Name me!

Conspirator's Circular.

Citizens,—Name me; name the man who addresses you. He has the right to speak out; he bears the brand of the royal chain,—he has known the tyranny of monarchs. Whilst others compounded with the government, and allowed themselves to be corrupted by the gold of tyrants, he only dared to oppose his breast against the steel of the satellites. What he has suffered for the people may be asked of the dungeons of Mont St. Michael and of the damp straw which there supported his wasted frame. People! between us guarantees have been given. I am a martyr of your cause:—behold my wounds! Whilst you suffered,—I conspired; you suffer still,—and I still conspire. I will conspire as long as you suffer. The prison knows me. It is the pride and delight of high souls and contemplative natures.—Name me!

There are several others, but we can spare room only for this.—

Ouvrier's Circular.

Citizens,—The son of a working man, nephew of a working man, cousin of a working man, son-in-law of a working man, uncle of a working man, and father of a working man,—I might myself have been a working man had circumstances favoured me. What do I say? Working man? I am one,—and more so than any other. *Ouvrier*?—oh yes! *ouvrier*! It is a title of which I am proud, and which I would change for none other. How beautiful a thing it is to be a working man and bear the name! That name I claim. I decorate myself with it and glory therein. *Ouvrier*! how it fills the mouth! *Ouvriers*, my brothers, come to my arms,—quick into my arms! Let us exchange the fraternal kiss. By the beating of my heart I feel that I am worthy of you. *Ouvrier*! yes I am an *ouvrier*! who shall gainsay it? I am an *ouvrier* of thought! Thus, working men, behold one of yourselves—one of your most humble and devoted comrades! Let your hearts respond to his heart!—Name me!

These extracts will be sufficient to give our readers an idea of the two volumes of this continuation which are now before us.

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The Philosophy which shows the Physiology of Mesmerism, and explains the Phenomenon of Clairvoyance. By T. H. Pasley. London, Longman & Co.

WE are somewhat at a loss whether to regard this volume as the production of one who, with the belief in clairvoyance, consistently disbelieves everything else, or as a clever attempt to show the dupes of Mesmerism to what the belief in its absurdities must necessarily lead. No one, we imagine, who has any knowledge of the first principles of physiology or of the elements of natural philosophy, would for a moment believe that a person could see through a brick wall. If our natural sciences are built upon a proper foundation, this would simply be an impossibility. Mr. Pasley very properly remarks as an introduction to his work, that "long as clairvoyance has remained the riddle, jest, and wonder of the world, it is questioned by none why the established philosophy of this superiorly enlightened age is incompetent to account for this or any other mesmerically produced phenomenon, or afford the least glimmer of light by which it was possible to arrive at the physiology." If Mr. Pasley means here by "established philosophy" the principles of the natural sciences, he is quite right; jests, riddles, and wonders are not within the sphere of their application. But if he means that the phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance are not to be explained by any of the principles of human knowledge, we beg to join issue with him. We think we have commented sufficiently in the *Athenæum* on the psychological phenomena exhibited both by actors and observers in mesmerism scenes to afford any unprejudiced mind abundant proof that the simplest principles of mental philosophy are sufficient to explain both the riddle and the wonder of clairvoyance. But Mr. Pasley either ignorantly or wilfully assumes the truth of mesmerism and clairvoyance, and seeks the explanation of the so-called facts in the laws of the physical universe. To do this in a manner which would be at all satisfactory to a mind capable of appreciating the elements of natural science, Mr. Pasley has evidently seen—and for this he deserves more credit for discernment than most of his school—demands that "the philosophy of Aristotle, Bacon, Newton, Des Cartes, Davy, Liebig," be proved to rest on false foundations. For this Quixotic task our author has armed himself to the teeth; and we have no doubt that to the believers in magnetic Dulcineas and clairvoyant windmills he will appear as doughty a knight-errant as ever wielded literary spear. He is quite aware, however, of the difficulties he is likely to encounter. "The phenomena," he says, "which modern philosophy has neither laws nor rules competent to explain are so many proofs that the established philosophy of the age is a false philosophy,—which is provable throughout all its particulars, however rash and adventurous may appear the announcement." Of course, Bacon has been the great misleader of the scientific world for the last three centuries; and our readers will not be surprised to hear that "the Baconian precept to 'torture Nature out of her secrets' has been, and ever must be, abortive of the good intended." "Newton spent his valuable time, to the world's great loss, in experimenting on light, in ascertaining and describing its properties, as if there were material light; instead of which, light is a mere sensible effect; hence a physical nonentity." Of course, another edition of the 'Optics' will never see the light after this assertion. But the consequences of our author's philosophy are yet more fearful. "We are invisible to each other; what is imagined

to be a man's appearance may be described as various sensations of different colours symmetrically arranged and constituting a single optically-excited mental effect." We wonder what an alderman would think of being told that he was simply a "symmetrical arrangement of colours" or an "optically-excited mental effect." If Mr. Pasley's philosophy be correct here, we see no difficulty in clairvoyance.

The author's chemistry and physiology are of the same comprehensive character as his physics: Black, Priestley, Davy, Liebig, all groping in the dark whilst he glories in the effulgence of noonday splendour. Animal heat is described "as our own feeling excited by means of fire in the sensitive centre, the brain." "All airs are compounds." "Oxygen air is decomposed in converting it with hydrogen to water: there is no oxygen or hydrogen air in water; their elements are the constituents of water." "Ice is deoxygenated water, and abounds with electric matter, hence it floats; and ice-water is at the minimum of density from being deficient of oxygen." On almost all other points the author is equally deluding or deluded. He finishes with a grand proposal for the—

"Application of Mesmerism.—First. A National Asylum, to be named, The British Mesmeric Institution, should be founded and endowed. England should take the lead. A Professorship of Magnetism should be founded. All Sanatory Asylums to be obliged to furnish their experience periodically, and be under controul of the Institution, which should be possessed of power to undiploma the medical practitioner who refuses to mesmerise. Self-mesmerising to Clairvoyance, to be taught, which is as teachable as ventriloquism: the principle is the same of both,—the theory is that of sound. Through self-mesmerising, the blind and eyeless would be extricated occasionally from the shadow leading to the valley of death and be enabled to follow some useful calling. Some blind, illiterate clairvoyant, may have superior *connaissance*, entitling him to fill the academic chair. Through mesmerism the resuscitating process can be brought under rules of science. Through clairvoyance the geography of the globe may yet be improved; the northern passage discovered; the astronomer assisted in his stellar speculations beyond the possibility of mere telescopic discovery. On ship-board, the voluntary clairvoyant may make discovery of the haze-hidden lighthouse and wave-hidden shoal. In the hands of the clairvoyant the telescope and microscope will, in time, make us acquainted with other worlds, other beings, and other of the wonderful works of the Great God of Nature!"

Such are some of the absurdities, to say nothing more severe, to which the man is driven who incautiously treads the first steps of human inquiry and then mistakes the vagaries of his imagination for the sober dictates of his senses and understanding. We would point to this work as a warning to those who heedlessly place themselves in a position to become the dupes of the ignorant and designing,—and who, before they are aware of it, may commit themselves to a course which, if persevered in, must lead to the adoption of all that is wild and absurd in hypothesis and the rejection of those sciences which the greatest of mankind have reared as noble monuments of their search after truth.

Treasury of Spanish Novelists—[*Tesoro de Novelistas Españoles*]. With Introduction and Notes by Don Eugenio de Ochoa. Vol. III. Paris, Baudry.

THE principal species of the Castilian novels, so far as they represent distinct kinds of literary production, have already been described in our notice [No. 1039] of the first part of this publication. Some particular features—belonging rather to the national feeling, and to the prevailing dispositions of the writers generally, than to any absolute conditions in the specific

nature of the works themselves—remain to be pointed out: and of these a few hints may as well precede as follow a summary of the contents of Vol. III.

One express characteristic, common to all the various forms of Spanish fiction, is its remarkable purity. In this respect the novels, which in most other languages are allowed a kind of privileged licence, do not form any exception to the general decorum of Castilian literature; which, taken as a whole, is more absolutely free from offences against modesty than any other, ancient or modern. Considering the era in which its chief authors flourished, and the freedom both of idea and of language that prevailed in all contemporary productions of the lighter letters in other languages, this contrast is peculiarly striking. There can be little doubt that the chastity of the Spanish muse was, indeed, guarded by the inspection of the Holy Office, which aided the Royal censorship in strictly trying the contents of all books allowed to be published. But it was also rooted deeply in the national character; in which the most passionate feelings were mantled over with a certain dignified reserve, that partook in some measure of the Oriental gravity. This tendency is strongly marked—where any want of delicacy is sure to be the most sensibly apparent—in all the notions and even prejudices concerning the relation between the sexes. The nicety of Spanish fastidiousness on the chapter of female honour—of which its very jealousies, precautions, and vengeance were the distorted offspring—grew out of an appreciation of feminine purity as the most precious jewel of life: and this feeling, which in the better times of Spain was still an absolute reality, could not fail to exercise a vast influence on all that belongs to decorum, not only of expression, but also of thought. It might lead us too far to pursue the various causes that may have contributed to impress this stamp on the national character; amidst which the excessive Catholic celebration of virginity must have counted for something, in the only nation where a high devotion to the orthodox faith was the indispensable sign of pure blood and true gentility:—and we shall but observe in passing that, of the novels especially, the decorum may be in part explained by the fact that many of the authors were ecclesiastics. Suffice it to say, that we have in the Spanish elegant literature, generally, this quite unusual combination: a theory of life in which the worship of love appears as a principal if not the sole object and employment,—with a development of this passionate delusion not only free from verbal offence but also raised above all meanings that appeal to the grosser impulses merely. It is often sentimental to excess; now and then coarse in its comic fictions,—but never sensual.

In the romantic novel, of course, the feelings displayed are all of the first-named class. There may be reasons enough to doubt the truth of the motives they display, in any scheme of possible existence; although if, in any state of society, the maxim of "all for love" were ever practically realized, it must have been amongst the Castilian *caballeros* of the 16th and 17th centuries. When we read of the stately Mendoza—whilome representative of the Emperor at the Council of Trent—in mature years following his love-suits at court with such youthful heat that he provoked a sentence of banishment by suddenly throwing one of his rivals out of a window of the palace—when we observe that neither this nor a hundred other such extravagancies of an amorous fancy in the gravest or most exalted persons were deemed other than natural proceedings,—we may understand how much that must seem overstrained in

sentiment to northern readers in the 19th century may have been a part of the very life in Madrid or Toledo two hundred years ago. Nay, travellers assert that to the present day the business of making love takes a far larger and longer hold of the Spaniard's being, from boyhood even to the confines of old age, than may seem probable to our cooler notions; and the very latest times have not been without instances of public vagaries and love-fits breaking out amongst mature diplomatic characters in a manner that bespeaks a lively continuance of the "wonted fires" amidst the ashes of peninsular life.

The fictions that treat of common and comic subjects have none of these sentimental flights, except in the way of episodes; which humour the author will not unfrequently indulge in whenever the work runs to any considerable length. Romantic stories, often of great refinement and tenderness, are brought in, by various devices, amidst the incidents of a ruder story, with a complacency that proves the author to have counted on the gratitude of his readers while introducing this variety into his tale. In the *picaresque* novel, of course, describing, as it does, the shifts, tricks, and habits of the vagabond class, much delicacy of manner would be an impertinence; and the actions of the chief personages are mostly of a kind in which morality of any kind is no better respected than law. But even here it is remarkable to observe that the authors, however coarse may be their materials, seldom fall into any positive indecency, and never into that worst kind which is purposely calculated to afford a prurient excitement. The elements in which this danger might be apprehended form, indeed, no prominent feature of the Spanish rogues' novel. The influence of the fair sex and the temptations which they hold out or embrace rarely appear but as a means to the main end, of deception or gain; and the loves of the heroes and heroines, if not in the least romantic, are in general far too calculating to be voluptuous.

We come at this point to a curious feature of the narrations of common life as distinguished from the true novels. It might seem, at the first glance, as if the somewhat cynical treatment of the fair sex which we find in the former were a kind of spontaneous re-action from the romantic worship with which they are honoured by poets and sentimental storytellers: that the former, in short, was the real, the other a merely fanciful, representation of the feelings of the time. The aspect of Woman, indeed, will be found very different according as we see her depicted in one or the other class of writings. In the comedies and poetical tales she appears as a deity; not without her frowns, weaknesses, and caprices, but with all these, the one centre of the desires of all noble hearts, whose smiles are the best reward of merit, without whose favours all others are imperfect. So the poets describe her, writing like enamoured youths. The more prosaic authors of the descriptive school speak of her with a certain sourness of manner that seems to belong to the fretful timidity of age, mingled with a strong dash of ascetic severity. They do not make her at all a prominent object: her peculiarly feminine qualities of the better sort are rarely exhibited when she is permitted to appear; and those which are most studiously produced belong to the standard topics of railing against the sex in all times. They are either distantly glanced at as dangerous syrens, that lure the unwary to their ruin; or, if brought nearer, mostly turn out to be mischievous elves, or mere crones, light-fingered harpies, or aged, toothless daughters of Phorcus,—devourers of the substance of man and destructive of his peace—personages, in short, which the author

would rather avoid depicting in their quality of womanhood at all, and represents, in other points, in a light, *quâ* women, anything but inviting. The younger specimens are glib-tongued, self-possessed flirts of the predatory species, who make no pretence of tenderness except as an opening to the pockets of their dupes. In the excellent novel *El Donado Habrador*, there are not more than two or three of the softer sex introduced throughout his whole adventures; and of these one only is young enough to be a fit subject for a love adventure—in which she is represented as ruining her happiness by an unwise choice, in defiance of the sagacious Alonzo's advice and attempts to keep her out of mischief; which, as usual, only serve to injure himself.

It would, however, be a mistake, we apprehend, to suppose that this caricature was anything like the popular idea of womanhood in chivalrous Spain. Its appearance in the stories in question may be accounted for by the observation, which an acute eye will not fail to make, of their essential character through all its entertaining disguises. These, which are now the most amusing of Spanish fictions, were not at first created by any desire to amuse—the design to instruct, on the contrary, may be regarded as their original principle.* The pictures of trickery and covetousness, of laws derided and simplicity imposed upon, were, at the first, wholly intended to warn and inform: and this purpose is always implied in later performances, where greater pains are taken to divert. Nor was this tendency ever wholly lost sight of, even when—from the success of the *genus* as an instrument of mere pastime—it was sought by writers who had no design whatever of edifying. What was prudential in the first idea then fell into a satirical vein; and thus the cynical tone was still preserved, though by different impulses. It is needless to point out in what manner the didactic purpose was sure to colour representations of life in the Catholic Spain of two centuries ago; where the standard of duty held up by ecclesiastical teachers was graduated on an ascetic scale, that classed the blessings and gifts of this world, as more or less dangerous temptations, to be all shunned by the perfect man. In none of the errors of this doleful system of ethics could it jar more rudely with the realities of our being than in trying to teach one half of the human species, in defiance of Nature, to suspect and avoid the other—which, for the purposes of this ungenial doctrine, was, of course, to be portrayed in an aspect as different as possible from that of an "angel of life." How such a code must act in general,—where its blind prohibitions stood fast in the letter, as the only true law of right, while every impulse of life was in arms to keep all but the feeblest in constant practical rebellion against any such law,—it would lie beyond our present purpose to discuss. On the productions now before us it certainly tended (in the way we have pointed out) to impress a general habit of libelling the sex; which at first seems unaccountable in a branch of literature produced apparently to amuse, and therefore apt, one might suppose, to court the feelings that ruled in the classes and ages most covetous of amusement. This perplexity vanishes when the inherent quality of these stories is perceived. The sentimental and romantic tales, the true novels, alone were born of the unmixed de-

* It may be observed here that the very works which in the objectionable nature of their details form almost the only exception to the general rule of decorum,—such as *La Celestina*, the *Tragedia Fieliciana*, and other similar productions of the first half of the sixteenth century,—were expressly planned to depict the evils of vice, and were admired and recommended in their day as lessons of morality. They belong to the infant period of Castilian literature, and were forgotten when it grew to maturity.

sire to afford pastime and delight. In the most mirth-provoking elements of the others traces of an originally didactic motive are never wholly lost sight of. It determined the manner of the work even where no purpose of the kind could exist.

In other respects, as an instrument by which the colours of a nation's mind may be distinguished, the whole scope of Castilian fiction, as we have lately observed elsewhere, presents a result far more satisfactory to the moral sense than can be collected from the novelists of Italy. In all serious representations we see no deviation allowed from what were deemed at the time to be the proper virtues of gentle blood. The exhibitors of mean defects and treacherous vices are not permitted to take their subjects from any but the lowest class; and the ideal preserved of the higher wherever it is introduced, although defective to our eyes in many essential points of morality, is on the whole something much more noble, praiseworthy, and becoming than we can draw from any similar process in Italian literature. The general testimony of the novelists is borne out by the still more certain evidence of the popular drama; in which no glaring falsification of the national taste, whether in manners or in morals, could have been for an instant endured. This, too, exhibits the Castilian of the time in the same outlines—a figure on the whole dignified and engaging; with his warm loyalty, absolute devotion to the church, romantic loves, fanciful jealousies and cruel revenges, always raised by certain individual traits of honour, self-sacrifice and courtly generosity, that lay claim to a far higher admiration than we can bestow on the cavaliers whom Boccaccio and his successors have brought before us.

The contents of Vol. III. are less rich in literary interest than those of either preceding division. It includes some pieces not properly deserving the title of genuine fictions; which possess a certain value in another way, as aids to our knowledge of the character of times past,—but will scarcely recommend themselves on this account to any but studious readers. The 'Life and Doings of Estevanillo Gonzalez' cannot be said to afford any genial entertainment as the fictitious tale of an adventurer's career; but viewed in its true character, as the report, more or less coloured, of what really happened to a runaway in his progress through the world by various shifts but chiefly as a maker of sport to great personages, it throws some very curious light upon European manners during the period of the Thirty Years' War. The entertainment of such dependents in courts and palaces—the treatment they met with on the one hand, the licence in which they were allowed and protected on the other—bespeak a state of things, scarcely two hundred years ago, in the strangest contrast with the manners of modern times. Estevanillo, born of Spanish parents in Rome, has little to tell of the country of his fathers. His wandering fortunes are thrown to and fro over all Europe, but chiefly between the Archduke's court at Brussels and the allied capitals of Naples and Vienna. Of many of the events of the war he speaks as an eye-witness,—in no picturesque or general way, but merely with reference to their effects on himself at the moment; in which, however, may be seen many traits of the excesses committed by the soldiery of both parties in Germany and the Low Countries, and hideous glimpses of the derangement and insecurity of the best elements of social life under this scourge. There are other varieties in Estevanillo's long run of adventures,—which, amongst other casualties, threw him more than once upon the changes of a sea life. In one of these, when forced by stress

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of weather into an English port, with a cargo of lemons, he describes his reception by the men of Kent in terms that leave no doubt of the literal truth of his report. The Spaniard, accustomed to strike and hector amongst common people, on the strength of his great protectors, is rudely convinced of his error by the populace of Valmur (Walmers); who threw him and his comrades into the round-house, and saluted them while in durance there with the title of "papist spies." There are incidents related of scenes in other lands which bear a similar mark of reality; without which, indeed, as we have said, this long account of rambling adventures and journeys would scarcely deserve any attention, the number of properly amusing events being scanty enough.

Still less does 'Virtue as it is Practised, and the Mystics in Fashion,' by Don Fulgencio de Ribera (most probably a pseudonym), belong to any class of entertaining fiction whatever. It is merely a satire on the religious hypocrisies of the 18th century, conveyed in a series of instructions, or *documentos*, teaching a young candidate for fortune how he may thrive in Madrid by pretending to be devout. The excuse for introducing the work in this collection is its extreme scarcity—until lately; the book having been prohibited on its appearance in 1729. In the present century, however, two reprints, we are told, have been made at Madrid,—viz., in 1820 and in 1835. The lessons inform us clearly enough of many vices that were covered by the owl in Catholic Spain; and it is pretty evident from the offence which they gave to its wearers that the information was too near the truth to be welcome.

Of the materials more appropriate to the present collection, there is one specimen in this volume of high merit—the *Diablo Cojuelo*, by Guevara; which furnished Le Sage with the whole idea and the best part of the details of his *Diable Boiteux*. The invention of this famous and diverting story is thoroughly genial and original; and it would deserve an attentive examination, were it not, by the French copy, already one of the few Spanish fictions well known throughout Europe. The difference between Guevara's work and Le Sage's is not considerable until the narrative of both is pretty far advanced. Where the two diverge, the advantage, so far as the interest of the story and its conclusion with a spirited and graceful effect are concerned, is wholly on the side of the French author. Guevara amuses himself too long with the pedantries of the Madrid Academy,—and afterwards comes, with an awkward abruptness, to the end of the tale; which Le Sage, as we all know, winds up with a pleasing romance, dismissing Don Cleofas to happiness in the arms of the sweet Seraphina. The Frenchman, indeed, is always infinitely superior to his original in the art of disposing his materials, and in the liveliness and quickness of his style, which sparkles with a satirical wit more brilliant to the eye than the grave sallies of Guevara. But it will not be denied that the chief merit, due to creative genius,—which is a far higher gift than any dexterity of manner,—belongs to the first inventor of the outline which the two authors respectively filled up with such different success. In this, as in instances of more serious productions of thought, the office performed by French address has been to popularize and polish for social use the ruder work of greater minds in other countries,—relieving the native sterility by the adroit adoption of a foreign offspring.

The first story in the volume, the work of a Jew, Antonio Enriquez Gomez, is but a fragment, published at Rouen, in 1682, of what promised to have been the complete life of a new *picarón* subject—Don Gregorio Guadaña—a *reaper*, as

the name imports, of his own fortunes from the harvests of others. After an opening too laboriously quaint to be pleasing, and somewhat coarse besides, the hero improves in manner when once fairly set forth upon his adventures; and presents us with some vigorous sketches of corrupt justices, greedy *escribanos*, and sly Dulcineas, which give the foretaste of a story rather better than usual, had it not been broken off, like the adventure in 'Hudibras,' in the middle. Diverting pranks, performed by Don Gregorio in Madrid after his first initiation there, are not wanting to enliven his general satires; and redeem him from the charge of simplicity by showing that, when duped, he knew how to take a dexterous revenge. The narrative, however, ends too early to afford any idea of what the outline of the whole might have been. The fragment, with some qualities of merit rather above the common level of such tales, is also noticeable from the parentage of its author; whose race—however the author of 'Tancred' may declaim on its behalf—had given few authors of merit in any department to modern Europe, and fewest of all to Spain,—where, during the best time of her literature, even to exist as a Jew was not without danger. It is also worth noting, that neither in this book, published by an alien wholly out of the reach of Spanish censorship, nor in others, free from its severities—as were those, for instance, first printed at Brussels and Antwerp,—is there any unusual licence taken in consequence of this immunity. There is nothing, as far as any matter of decorum is concerned, that would inform us they were published under less constraint than the books printed at Madrid or Toledo. This circumstance will confirm the opinion already expressed, that the superior decency of manner in Spanish authors is quite as much the spontaneous effect of a national sense of propriety as any particular costume which the vigilance of the Inquisition compelled them to wear.

Of the longest work in this volume, the *Diálogo Noche en Madrid*, we cannot say much in commendation. The idea of representing the manners of a capital by the experiences of one just arrived from captivity abroad, instructed by a sort of boy-familiar, native to the place, and knowing in all its manners and vices but innocent of any share in them, is a good one; and an animated picture might have been painted on such canvas. But the author, Francisco Santos, a writer of many books, and of good repute in his day, is unfortunately a great prosier and pedant. At the conclusion of every scene he comes to a dead stop, to deliver in a drawing, nasal tone some homily on the event; and rambles and rambles on, from scenes to reflections and from daily life to dead moralities, in a way that will be apt to confuse and weary the reader long before he gets to the end of the 'Day and Night.' This is the more provoking, as there is good matter in the heavy mass. We often fall upon the track of adventures that promise an exciting progress, and actually give some interesting scenes; but the warmth produced by these is soon cooled down by the deserts of prose that have to be passed over before we regain any sight of the objects that have attracted our curiosity. The close of the story we may, however, add, for the encouragement of those who begin to tire in the slough of the first dozen chapters, is more entertaining and less encumbered with needless moralities than are the earlier portions; and a certain amount of well-meant pains have been taken to wind it up with a marriage, in the way most comfortable to the feelings of all true novel readers.

With this author the series of works belong-

ing to the seventeenth century—the last of any distinction in Spanish letters—concludes. A few small pieces, of uncertain date, follow: none of them sufficiently noticeable in any way to deserve mention in a summary so brief as ours must be. They are stories, we may say, of the true description of *novela*,—pleasant reading enough, being gracefully written in the established manner; but neither this nor their invention has any distinct merit or character that could be described in a few sentences.

We have now gone, with such attention as circumstances allowed, through the whole of a collection the value of which as a literary publication we estimate highly. It has often been a matter of surprise to us, that, while some knowledge of Italian literature is regarded as an accomplishment all but indispensable to the well-educated of both sexes, so little regard should be paid, especially by the fairer class of readers, to the poetry and fiction of Spain. It is true that it lays no claim to the possession of anything that in its kind can rank with the *Gerusalemme* or *Orlando*—to say nothing of the infinite grandeur and originality of Dante. But in all forms of poetry, the so-called epic only excepted, Spain will be found quite as rich as Italy;—she has treasures wholly wanting to the latter in her countless *romances*; and to some minds the more sonorous flow of the Castilian language and the deeper feeling or more natural graces of its authors will afford a pleasure higher than the artificial lyrics and sonnets of the sister tongue can give. Besides her abundant wealth in all but the above-named class of poetry (as English custom restricts the term) Spain has what Italy could never succeed in raising to the level of the *belles lettres*—an indigenous drama, at once thoroughly national and truly poetic; and in this she offers a store of delightful reading of the very kind one would think especially calculated to invite the female reader. The property of Spanish literature to which we have already alluded, namely, its extreme purity,—which opens its whole compass to the most sensitive taste,—is another recommendation, that might be expected to prevail with students of that delicate sex to which a large part of the best fruits of Italy must be forbidden on account of the unwholesomeness of their flavour. Nor is the language at all more difficult to enjoy than its softer sister. An acquaintance with many of its best graces may be acquired at no great cost of study; and its literature is now so much neglected that it must have all the charm of novelty. Altogether, the fashion which worships one and utterly despises the other of the Romance languages is unaccountable enough. Should any change of the mode, however, invite the lovers of elegant literature in France and England to resume the studies which delighted their ancestors in Paris and London a century ago, the service which M. Baudry has performed in making Spanish authors accessible will be better appreciated than it is likely, we fear, to be at the present moment by general readers. In the meanwhile, there will be found a sufficient number, we trust, of the cultivated class in both countries to deserve the assistance which he has afforded, and to reward him for the trouble taken and the risk incurred in his meritorious editions of Spanish authors.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

English Botany; or, Coloured Figures of British Plants. Vol. I.—This is a reprint of Sir James Edward Smith's celebrated 'English Botany,' with figures by Sowerby. That work, on account of its extent, is very costly; and the object of Mr. Sowerby in the present edition is, if possible, to bring all its great advantages within reach of the means of a

much larger class of purchasers. With this view the letter-press is reduced, and some of the figures of the less remarkable species of plants are omitted. Thus, in the present volume—which reaches to the end of the Linnaean class Triandria—there are 221 plates; and this volume is sold for 11. 19s. 6d. Though the descriptions are shortened, much matter has been inserted which is not to be found in the original edition. Mr. Sowerby thinks that for a limited group of plants, like those of the British islands, the Linnaean system of arrangement is to be preferred to the natural method. We think differently; but at any rate, this presents no great drawback to a work whose principal recommendation is its drawings and descriptions of individual plants. But we will allow Mr. Sowerby to speak for himself:—

"The order of the Linnaean System has been selected, because, if it be not the most philosophical, it is the most convenient for reference, and the most easily attained; indeed in so limited a group of plants as the natives of Britain form, the various affinities can hardly be perceived that constitute the beautiful series of steps which lead the student to that high point which his ambition aims at, and where he is liable, however, to be dazzled by the bright light and immense fields he views around him; or, if some few of these affinities are visible, so many are wanting that he will find his progress perpetually interrupted, and he can only advance with great difficulty even should he avail himself of the aid of foreign importations. Whereas the connexion and arrangement of the Linnaean classes are so palpable that they are quickly applied to even small collections, and with as few, if not fewer, exceptions in large collections than occur in the most complete natural system hitherto proposed."

We can scarcely suppose, however, that any one would satisfy himself with this work alone. The student would take care to supply himself with the excellent manuals of British plants, arranged according to the natural system, by Sir Wm. Hooker, Dr. Lindley and Mr. Babington. The study of a limited field like that of British plants has its advantages for the young student of botany; but no one can expect to enjoy all the pleasures of this science by confining his studies to the narrow bounds of our own Flora.

Adams's Illustrated Descriptive Guide. By E. L. Blanchard.—The railroads having rendered most guide books obsolete, here is one that professes to include the latest modifications relating "to the watering places of England." The part before us is the "first," and treats only of the "southern and western divisions." As a "companion to the coast" it is evidently a desirable acquaintance.

Les Jeunes Narrateurs. By Marin de la Vaye.—A French contribution to the Juvenile Library.—designed to illustrate the dangerous effects of disobedience.

An Abstract of the Special Act, authorizing the Construction of Railways, passed in the 10th and 11th Year of H.M. Queen Victoria.—This work commences with a classification of Acts and a review of railway legislation. The author believes that, notwithstanding the present depression, railway shares will ultimately become of great value. An index to the Special Acts is given—which adds to the utility of the collection.

Memoranda of 1846 and 1847. By F. W. Fowle, M.A.—These are apparently extracts from sermons preached by the author in relation to events happening at the periods indicated.

The Lord's Prayer—Nine Sermons. By the Rev. T. D. Maurice.—*Conversations on the Church Service.*—The former of these little works is written with talent:—the latter is an ordinary compilation in dialogue. To these we may add the titles of two other tracts—*The Youthful Christian Soldier*, by the Bishop of Down and Connor, and Dromore, and *The Ministry of Christ*, by Isaac Brown. Of books of this description we can do little more than give the titles. *Sermons, Academic and Occasional*, by the Rev. John Keble, has a preface on "the present position of English Churchmen," which will be interesting to all engaged in the Tractarian controversy.

Meditations on Twenty Select Psalms. By Sir Anthony Cope. The author was chamberlain to Queen Katharine Parr, and the present edition professes to be reprinted from that of 1547. It is

accompanied by a biographical preface from the pen of Mr. W. H. Cope—a descendant of the writer, and minor canon of St. Peter's, Westminster.

Predestination and Election. By G. McClelland.—An argument in favour of free will, from the assumption that a moral act of will is self-determined. The work is "preceded by an answer to the system of Edwards," in which Dr. Chalmers is somewhat roughly dealt with. This statement will fully explain the author's position to the competent reader.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Opportunity, by the Rev. G. A. Hamilton, 16mo. 1s. cl. swd.
Overton's (Rev. C.) Cottage Lectures, 2nd edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Path of Life (The), by Harry Hieover, 6s. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Pocket and the Stud (The), by Harry Hieover, 6s. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Rest in Christ; or, the Crucifix and the Cross, 18mo. 6d. swd.
Slight's (Rev. H. S.) Zeal and Holiness, 6s. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Smith's (Rev. J.) The Voice of Mercy, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Songs of Christian Chivalry, Kc., 6s. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Steen's (Rev. J.) Treatise on Mental Arithmetic, 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Tate's (W.) Concordance, 8vo. 12mo. 12mo. 9s. 6d. cl.
Tate's (W.) Modern Cambist, 6th edition, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Terence, Latin, with English Notes, by J. A. Phillips, 8vo. 6s. cl.

REPORT OF THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL TO THE BOARD OF VISITORS, JUNE 3, 1848.

The points of most interest connected with this year's Report are the changes made, and to be made, in the fundamental modes of observing. Our astronomical readers are aware that the new mode of observing the moon out of the meridian with an altitude and azimuth instrument has been in operation for twelve months. Mr. Airy considers that the plan answers well; that "the results of the observations, as reduced to the state of apparent errors of tables in R.A. and N.P.D. appear very good; perhaps a little, and but a little, inferior to those of the meridional instruments." Some difficulties in the azimuthal observation (that of zenith distance never having given any trouble) have been all but quite got over; and 203 days of observation have been obtained,—while the meridian instruments during the same time could only secure 111 days. And, which is of most consequence, thirty-four days of observation in the former list are those in which, from proximity to the sun, no meridian observation could be made at all.

Our readers may remember that we noted [see *Athenæum*, No. 1029, p. 765] the complaint made by the Astronomer Royal that the meridian instruments had not sufficient optical power,—and we prophesied that such a state of things would not long continue. Our prediction has been over fulfilled. Judging from the feeler put out by the Astronomer Royal, "I think it worthy the careful consideration of the Visitors whether meridional instruments carrying longer telescopes should not be substituted for those which we now possess,"—we were not prepared to suppose that in twelve months the consent of the Government would have been obtained, an object-glass procured, and a plan of mounting it submitted. But so it is.

An object-glass of 8 inches clear aperture and 11 feet 6 inches focal length, having been placed in my hands by Mr. Simms, I carefully examined it. I found that it showed some objects not of the closest class (as ϵ Bootis and ζ Cancer) better, I think, than I had seen there before; that it separated η Coronæ; that it did not separate γ Coronæ (which, having witnessed the difficulty of that star in the great Pulkova refractor, I was prepared to expect); and that it dispersed light no more than the best object-glasses usually do. At my recommendation, therefore, this object-glass was purchased by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, at the price of 275*l.* I have now to explain the form in which I propose to mount it. No verbal description, probably, can dispense with reference to the model, and I will therefore confine myself to the leading points. I propose to mount it as a Transit-Circle, its Y's bearing solidly on the piers far from their edges, and having no adjustments; the axis carrying two circular similar circles on the east and west arms, one for clamping, the other for the divisions. I propose that the clamps have no tangent-screw, the bisection being in all cases effected by the micrometer in the field of

view of the telescope. I propose that the divisions be illuminated by a single lamp in the prolongation of the axis, without reflectors; and that the microscopes be in a circular surface, passing through one pier, the eye-ends being in a circle of two feet diameter; and that the divisions be on a upon a limb of metal which is so bevelled on the circle that the light of the lamp will be reflected on the circle that the Several microscopes to be permanently united, in positions proper for ascertaining with the utmost exactness the errors of division. Microscopes to be mounted for ascertaining the laws of movement of points on the ends of the pivots. The instrument never to be reversed; but an apparatus to be provided for raising it so far that a collimating telescope, firmly fixed on a solid pier on the north side, and one on the south side, can be adjusted on each other; then when the instrument is dropped into its usual place, the error of collimation and the flexure will be determined without revision, by observation of the two collimators. No spirit-level or equivalent instrument to be used, but the error of level to be determined by observation of the image of the wire by reflexion in a trough of mercury. A parallel-motion apparatus to be used for carrying the trough; and a peculiar arrangement for facilitating the process of cleaning the microscopes. In regard to the material, I propose that the whole be made of cast-iron; the axis being in two parts (which enables the founder to make the pivots of hard chilled iron while the rest is of soft iron), and each end of the telescope being in one part—each of the two circles being cast in one piece. An instrument thus constructed would, probably, be more accurate for rigid ascensions than the present transit, in so far as the frequent observation of the well-mounted collimators would add to the knowledge of its azimuthal error; and perhaps more accurate for zenith distances than Troughton's Circle, in so far as the circle is in a state of less strain, while its construction possesses greater firmness. But the reasons for recommending it, as is known to the Visitors, are—the power of carrying a larger object-glass, and the enabling one observer to complete the observation of the two elements.

The following opinion is tolerably comprehensive and decided both.—

Among the practical considerations which have been forced upon me by the examination of the observations in different years, is the necessity of a frequent revision by the astronomer of the logical and mechanical principles of the construction of his instruments. I am fully persuaded that the exquisite skill of Graham and Bird in finishing the details of instruments, and the popularity thereby given to a class of instruments which, considered in reference to the grand principles of construction, is radically bad, have done more to retard the progress of accurate astronomy than anything else which has occurred within the last century.

On the state of the Observatory, as it is likely to be, the Astronomer Royal remarks as follows.—

The general position of the Astronomical Observatory, surmounting the proposed new instrument to answer my expectations, will be, I think, that which is proper for it. Laying aside the vain idea of being first in every branch of astronomy, we shall be first in that most important and very extensive part of astronomy upon which all the rest must be based, namely, the fundamental meridional observations; and we shall stand alone in the difficult and most valuable section of lunar observations. Believing as I do, that the same steadiness of plan which has been characteristic of the Observatory almost from its foundation will be its characteristic, and hoping that the same regularity and promptitude in the exhibition of useful results which have been introduced in its later times will still distinguish it, I do not at present see any further change in its material equipment which I could desire as essential or as very important. In making these remarks, which are in some measure comparative, it is perhaps proper that I should state that I am personally acquainted with many foreign observatories, and that in the last summer I had ample means of making myself acquainted with almost every detail in the noblest of all—namely, the observatory of Pulkova; as well as with the general equipment and system of one of the most recent—namely, the new observatory of Berlin. From the former I have derived many ideas which I hope in time to turn to good account in the Observatory of Greenwich. But, supposing the changes which I have proposed to be cordially sanctioned and effectually carried out, I think our position will be such that we need not fear the competition of any foreign institution; and I do not anticipate that it will soon be necessary for me to request the assistance of the Visitors in any organic change in the Astronomical Observatory.

It must not be forgotten that these "organic changes" have been matured while the enormous labour of reducing all the lunar observations of his predecessors [see *ante*, p. 676] has been going on under the superintendence of Mr. Airy. Assuredly, there is no want of energy or fear of work in his constitution.

VERBAL COINCIDENCES: THE ANAGRAM.

DURING the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when analysis was applied to every department of knowledge—just as the synthesis prevails in the present day—it was not surprising that it should be used to eliminate new and striking combinations from mere words of obvious meaning; particularly such as would forcibly appeal to the passion for mystery—at that time as strong as ever it has been in the human breast. The *Anagram* flourished in those days. It may be defined as the transposal of the

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letters of a name so as to exhibit one or more words either to the advantage or disadvantage of the party to whom it belongs.

According to the process of mathematical combination, the letters of the alphabet, combined by two and two, three and three, and so on, will make combinations which require 34 figures to express their sum, namely, 139172428888725299425128493402200. The verse "*Tot tibi sunt doctæ, virgo, quot sidera cæli*" will admit of its words being combined in 1,022 different ways.

This mathematical necessity will not, however, detract from the ingenuity which has been displayed by the literary triflers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The anagram was then the product of a respectable and pensioned art, like astrology. Louis XIII. retained his anagrammatist with a pension of 1,200 livres; and the favoured artist (Billon by name) immortalized himself by a set of prophecies in anagrams, as though he confounded his title of royal anagrammatist with that of royal prophet.

It appears that Daurat, a Frenchman in the reign of Charles IX. first broached the trifles; but Lycophron—who wrote under Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 280 years before Christ—seems to have been no stranger to the art of constructing anagrams. Canterus, in his 'Prolegomena,' gives two of his anagrams:—the first on the name of King Ptolemy, Πτολεμαῖος, in which he found ἀπο μέλιτος, of honey, to insinuate the sweetness and mildness of that prince; the second was on Queen Arsinoë—Ἀρσινόη, of which he made ἰὸν Ἥρας, Juno's violet.

The happiest of all anagrams extant is that on the question put by Pilate to Christ—"Quid est veritas?" These letters form the very appropriate anagram—"Est vir qui adest."

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the art assumed its greatest development, in administering flattery to the great or in inflicting sarcasm on the foe. It was possible, for instance, to find *Logica* transformed into *caligo*; and when Calvin set forth his imposing 'Institutions,' he signed himself *Aleuinus*,—which historic name, in the annals of erudition, resulted anagrammatically from the bald *Calvinus*. By the way, we may mention that Calvin inflicted an anagram on Rabelais; but the latter paid him off in his own coin. It is not exactly fitted, however, for circulation in the *Athenæum*.

In later times, Huyghens, Galileo, and Newton used anagrams in publishing their discoveries; and the practice was pretty general amongst mathematicians.

Some anagrams evince great ingenuity. That of *Versailles* was prophetic of the fact,—namely, *Ville sera*. In the name of Henry the Third's murderer, *Frère Jacques Clément*, the following announcement was found:—"C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé!" A similar ingenuity discovered in the words "*Louis quatorzième roi de France et de Navarre*" the prophecy "*Va, Dieu confondra l'armée qui osera te résister.*"

Andrew Rudiger, a physician of Leipzig, took it into his head to form an anagram on his name; and in the words *Andreas Rudigerus* he found a vocation—namely, *arare rus Dei dignus*. Thereupon he concluded that he was called to the priesthood, and began to study theology. Soon after he became tutor to the children of the learned Thomasius. This philosopher one day told him that he had much better apply to medicine. Rudiger admitted his inclination to that profession, but stated that the anagram of his name—which he explained to Thomasius—had seemed to him a divine vocation to the priesthood. "What a simpleton you are!" said Thomasius; "why, 'tis the very anagram of your name that calls you to medicine. *Rus Dei*—is not that the burial-ground? And who ploughs it better than the doctors?" In effect Rudiger turned doctor, unable to resist the interpretation of his anagram.

But of all anagrammatists the nimble-witted and much-abused Jesuits were the most ingenious and inexhaustible, as in every other curious and edifying art or contrivance. During the fierce religious imbroglio of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they shot the anagram as a "deadly dart" against their equally ruthless opponents. Not content with the heavy artillery of their erudition, they organized the light infantry of anagrams to worry the foe whom they routed. By way of appendix to one of his responses to Isaac Casaubon, the Jesuit L'Heureux

(Eudæmon Joannes) bestows two Greek epigrams and an anagram on his redoubtable opponent. Here is the anagram on *Ισαάκος Κασαυβώνος*—*Εἰ πόθεις ἀναγράμμα σαφές, ξένη, τῇ τοῦδε καὶ πῶς;*

ΑἰΣΑΒΟΩΣΑ λίγει ΝΟΥΣ ΚΑΚΟΣ ἀνδρὶ πῆλει.

Of course Luther and Calvin taught the orthodox ingenuity of the Jesuits in the occult art of the anagram. In his Life of Bellarmine, the Jesuit Fulgati gives the following:—*Robertus Cardinalis Bellarminus à Societate Jesu*; whence he deduces a prophetic anagram, to wit, *Lutheri errores ac astutias Calvinus omnes debilis*—alluding, of course, to the infinite controversial dexterities of the venerable Jesuit.

I know not whether the following ingenious piece of pleasant wickedness has its equal in the whole range of literary and religious amenities. It occurs in a small volume entitled 'Epigrammata in Hæreticos' (ann. 1596), by the Jesuit-poet Andreas Frusius. He entitles the production *Elogium Martini Lutheri ex ipsius nomine et cognomine*. Such an *elogium*! Observe, the names read *perpendicularly*, whilst the Jesuit's exegetical commentary expands *horizontally*—a dead level of ingenious malignity. Ecce Crispinus!

Magnificus, mendax, morosus, morio, monstrum, Ambitiosus, atrox, astutus, apostata, agao, Ridiculus rhetor, rabiosus, rabula, raptor, Tabificus, tumidus, tenebrosus, transfus, turpis, Impius, incansans, impostor, inquis, inopius, Nysicorax, nebulo, nugator, nova, nelandus, Ventosus, vanus, vills, vulpecula, vecors, Schismaticus, stolidus, seductor, simia, scurra, Lascivus, leno, larvatus, latro, lanista, Ventripotens, vultur, vinosus, vappa, voluptas, Tartareus, torris, tempestas, turbo, tyrannus, Hæresiarcha, horrendus, hypocrite, hydra, hermaphroditus.

Ero, excrucandus, effrons, effrenis, eryanis, Retrogradus, reprobus, resupinus, rana, rebellis, Vesanus, varius, venerator, viper, virus, Sacrilagus, Sathanas, sentina, sophista, scelestus.

The poet Bloomfield describes "three times skimm'd sky-blue" milk: but the above is five times thickened black bile—and yet racy enough by way of a specimen of how they "loved one another" in those days of enlightenment. What a blessed thing it is that the stern trainer Civilization has muzzled the roaring lion yclept *Odium theologicum*! The book contains 251 very savage but very skillful epigrams on the Reformers individually and collectively. Even Melancthon, whom Combe, the phrenologist, exhibits as the pattern of a skull, is knocked down apostolically without compunction:—

Teutonico nigre pudactus nomine terre
In Græcum mutes, triste sed omen idem est.

Alba ut honorifica terra est aptissima vasis,
Sic te ignominie vas nigra terra facit.

I venture the following anagram, which I found in the words *Victoria Britanniarum Regina*:—

- (1.) Brianni regna victa,
i. e. O'Brien's "occupation's gone";
- (2.) Roma ruit,
i. e. The Popedom is going to pieces.

The latter member of my anagrammatical monster is quite in accordance with the popular interpretations of the Apocalypse now menacing our roguish little planet with "dim eclipse"—and worse afterwards. The prophets are teeming around us—from the penny pamphlet up to the nine-shilling volume "in shape and gesture proudly eminent." But these expounders have no chance beside our famous Raphael, the astrologer—into whose domain they are intruding "under false pretences," and not exactly (quoth Cowper)

Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

With regard to the second member of the anagram, I should state that "*Roma intrat*" first presented itself:—doubtless with reference to the *Diplomatic Relations with Rome Bill*.

ΕΠΙΜΟΜΕΤΕΣ.

DR. PALEY'S 'NATURAL THEOLOGY.'

THE case against Dr. Paley, upon the facts stated in your journal, seems to me clear:—that is, nothing but the refutation of the facts can save him from blame. But what the blame is, and in what degree it involves imputation of fraudulent motive, remains for consideration. Had any man, writing with a view to ordinary publication, allowed such extracts (as I am afraid they must be called) from the mind of

another to pass without acknowledgment, there can be no doubt that he would merit the name of a wilful plagiarist. Suppose him incapable of seeing this and of knowing the proper name of his own conduct, and we suppose his ideas to be confused and his logic inefficient—that is, we suppose him to be anybody but Paley.

Could the fact be ascertained, it would probably appear that all Dr. Paley's elementary writings are—as some of them are known to be—the proceeds of his lectures while he was a college tutor. This he ceased to be about 1775; and the 'Natural Theology' was published in 1802. In drawing up materials for oral lectures, it is unusual (not that this makes the omission right) to make accurate notes of the sources employed. Such lectures are presumed to be compilations;—and so little is it the custom to bring forward definite accounts of sources in college teaching, that a person who should do it habitually—to students who are thinking only of the matter taught, and do not yet know the authorities even by name—would be considered very tedious. Should it happen that one who has long retired from actual tuition draws upon his old notes for the materials of a work, it is by no means unlikely that he will not recollect the extent to which his matter is actually derived from others. He may easily have forgotten that his appropriations demand more than a general acknowledgment.

The case of the *minor references*, alluded to by you as denying the want of the major ones by implication, seems to me rather confirmatory of my view. Undoubtedly, if Paley had made those small references at the time when he was conscious of his predecessor's right to the large ones, he would have deserved a very hard name. But we know Paley. We know that he lost his prebend by the openness of his language on political subjects:—moderate servility would have made him a bishop. Such a man is not to be suspected of wilful meanness, except as the very last supposition, after all others have been clearly proved untenable. Still less is he to be suspected of meanness in any of its more paltry forms, such as the *not uncommon* trick of borrowing paragraphs and acknowledging phrases. But when a man makes notes for his own use, he is very apt to neglect referring to chapters which he has exhausted, and to make references for his own further guidance to places in which he may yet have to look for materials. Suppose him to put these papers by, and to publish from them many years afterwards, you will see that he is exactly in the position which I take Paley to have been in,—namely, provided with the means of acknowledging only his smaller appropriations. He would be wrong, no doubt: I cannot imagine any supposition on which he is blameless. It was his duty, having that general remembrance of obligations incurred which dictated the acknowledgments that actually were made, to have gone again to his authorities. The rector of Bishop Wearmouth should not have thought it too much to revisit the University Library at Cambridge for such a purpose, even in the day of slow coaches. But, if my view be correct, it is forgetfulness—culpable forgetfulness—not fraud, with which he is chargeable. Paley was not, and never has been called, a very original writer:—he must now pass for less original still. He must be described as a man who has a singular clearness—an originality of clearness—in his mode of treating the ideas of others.

This letter was suggested by my having had to apply a similar explanation on another occasion. A certain writer, now deceased—but a man whom to name would be to make all supposition of intentional dishonesty wholly out of the question—did the very same thing, in a smaller way, which I imagine Paley to have done. He incorporated paragraphs from a writer as to whom his acknowledgment was confined to a casual sentence, occurring in a part of the book distinct from that which contained the paragraphs. I never had any doubt, after recalling what I knew of the writer's habits, that the paragraphs were old extracts made for his own use, and that the sentence was referred to (in his notes) because it was only a sentence, of which the context might happen to be required at a future time. For myself, I took warning from this instance not to do what I had sometimes done before,—namely, neglect to reference a

private extract when I was sure I had got all I could want.

We must be guided in forming our opinion by what we know of the character of the party incalculated. Paley has a right to a favourable construction upon the fact known as to his 'Moral Philosophy'—and most probable as to his other writings—that it was compiled from the materials which his college lectures had made him collect many years before his books were put together.

B. E. N.

Sept. 13.

* * We think the above letter gives the most satisfactory solution of this matter that has yet been offered—and the best probably that can be given. To our view, then, the most satisfactory is a most unsatisfactory one, and takes a nicer distinction between forgetfulness of the kind urged and literary fraud than we should like to indorse. Indeed, our correspondent does not justify the distinction further than that he draws it. Oral lectures delivered by a college tutor may be "presumed to be compilations,"—but published books are not. The presumption in the one case may be large enough to cover any appropriation of materials,—but it is not so to rebut the positive assertion of a name on a title-page. The lecturer is speaking only to his class,—the successful author is appealing to posterity. The first is avowedly offering to unfurnished minds the wisdom of the past, and taking it wherever he finds it,—the second is professedly adding something to its stores, and addressing ripe intellects in his own name. The act of publication is formal and deliberate, and negatives the possible idea of any such forgetfulness as should, in this case, have overlooked the general fact that much of the material about to be so marked was the property of others. The effect has been that Paley, on his own assertion, has enjoyed for half a century the merit of a most ingenious argument which was not his own,—and if, with our correspondent B. E. N., we go so far as to believe, on other inferences, that he was above yielding to the temptation to wilful fraud, we must feel as a consequence that his perception of literary morality was a less clear one than is consistent with safety to the unquestionable rights of one man against the encroachments of another.

We must take the opportunity here offered of marking a curious assemblage of Errata which somehow found their way into a passage of our contemporary, the *Church and State Gazette*, quoted by us last week [p. 903]—and copied from the text of that paper without correction. At col. 1, of that page in our paper, line 53, "correspondent" should be *contemporary*; and then, within the compass of a few lines, we have the following errors of that contemporary to correct. "Lord Paget" will doubtless choose to be relieved from the imputation of plagiarism which was intended for that distinguished writer of other men's novels, Lord William Lennox:—and *Lindley*, not "Lindley," is the constructor of "the ballads born in the brain of" *Lindblad*, not "Sindblad."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Zurich.

THERE has hardly, perhaps, as yet elapsed time enough since Switzerland was to an Englishman even as Herne Bay or Brighton, for me to write of it to the *Athenæum* as I might of Palmyra or Thebes. But really, things look as if such would ere long be the case. I seem to be travelling through a deserted country—so sad a "world too wide" for their shrunk customers are all the preparations and arrangements for tourists and pleasure-hunters. I feel tempted to exclaim with Alexander Selkirk—*vel quasi*—

I am monarch of all I survey;
My claims there is none to repel;
From Lake Leman to Zurich's fair sea
I am lord of each boat and hotel.

I find myself the solitary tenant of vast *salles-à-manger* calculated for the reception of a hundred guests;—landlords receive me as the lost traveller in the Desert welcomes a single drop of water;—and Switzerland from one end to the other is lamenting her bereaved condition to the melancholy tune of "Nobody coming to visit me, nobody coming to pay."

In truth, the disturbed condition of Europe has already read this country a severe lesson on the blessings of civil order and the evils arising from its

violation in any part of the civilized world. It is curious to observe the exceedingly close connexion which the locomotive and commercial habits of modern civilized life have knit between all the portions of Europe, as shown in the various effects produced upon them by the wars and rumours of wars that have disturbed quite distant members of the great family. Countries which at first sight would appear least liable to be affected by the events passing at a distance, are as much shaken by the concussion as those nearest to it. One pebble is thrown into the water, and the whole surface of the lake is in a few minutes rippled by the increasing circles of movement produced thereby.

It is necessary to see Switzerland as she now is, in order to estimate rightly the immense amount of activity and profitable employment afforded her every summer by the shoals of English travellers who annually sweep over her roads, steamboats, and hotels, with the securely-expected regularity of the migratory tribes of air or ocean. Like the fertilizing overflow of the Nile, the equally rich flood of English is annually looked for as a most important source of wealth and prosperity. And now it is suddenly and almost entirely cut off. It is to be hoped that at least—on the principle of its being "an ill wind that blows nobody good"—our own mountain-touring districts of Cumberland, Wales and Scotland are finding the benefit of the compulsory home-keeping of our million tourists.

Running from the summer heat of Italy at the end of June, I entered Switzerland by the Pass of the Bernardin (decidedly the richest of all the Alpine passes in fine waterfalls),—and halted for awhile at Thusis, at the foot of the Via Mala. Here I found a scene which reminded me of what I had often seen in the Western States of North America, and as often in still earlier days read of in Virgil's picture of the busy doings of Dido's workmen in building their new town. Thusis had the misfortune, three years ago, to be burnt down almost entirely. An individual who had insured his house highly set fire—as was most credibly supposed, though proof could not be found—to his own tenement at about 3 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. A very strong wind—one of those impetuous blasts that frequently sweep through the narrow gorge of the Via Mala—was blowing with much fury at the time; and before sun-down the whole town, with few exceptions, lay in ashes. It is now rapidly recovering from its misfortune. The hostelry in which I found quarters was barely—or rather was not—completed, and had as yet no sign. It is now, reader, the "Via Mala,"—so named by your humble servant, at the request of mine host, Christian Schreiber, a very excellent good fellow, and most admirable companion in a ramble through any part of the Canton of Graubünden, of which he has much historical as well as topographical knowledge. If ever you pitch your tent for awhile at Thusis, I bespeak your patronage for the "Gasthaus zur Via Mala."

Christian Schreiber's house might have been built, I should think, in most parts of England for 800*l.* at the outside. In this remote valley, where wood and stone are both at hand and abundant, he assured me, to my great surprise, that it had cost him 1,200*l.* The ironwork, he said, was very expensive: adding, indeed, that English ironware might be had at little more than half the price,—but that it was so good-for-nothing that nobody would use it, and that he and his neighbours preferred purchasing the wrought iron of their own smiths at nearly double the cost. Here, thought I, is a hint for Birmingham!

The Graubündners are, in spirit as well as in form, thorough republicans. My host, Christian Schreiber, who had just built his house at a cost of 1,200*l.* without running in debt or borrowing a penny or selling a rood of his land, as he told me, kept also a shop, as well as an hotel. He was likewise a landed proprietor, cultivating his own estate with seven horses, all in fine condition, and plainly bespeaking the general well-being of the master; was a well-educated, well-informed, and really gentlemanlike-mannered man,—a great sportsman withal,—and told us of "his friend the colonel," who had given his wife house-room at the time of the fire, till he could find shelter for her.

A thrifty, tidy, active little body was this same wife; whose position in Christian Schreiber's household was strikingly characteristic of that primitive

and imperfect state of civilization which always assigns an inferior station to the woman. My host and hostess were a young couple, apparently much attached to each other; and the inferiority of station that I speak of was observable rather in the difference of their manner to me and my companions than in their intercourse with each other. He always spoke to us—though with courteous respect at first and cordial kindness as we became better acquainted—with the air and bearing of an equal. She, as evidently, though equally kindly in manner, addressed us as superiors. He would draw a chair and sit down for a little chat. She, though nowise unwilling to converse, always remained standing. And it may be observed that this difference could not arise from any original inferiority of station on her part, for her father was one of the principal people of the little town. So certain is it that the due recognition of the social equality of the sexes is one of the latest products of improved civilization. Distress from poverty appeared to be unknown in the district. The wages of unskilled labour are about one shilling and fourpence a day, and the supply is below the demand. In various parts of the Canton of Graubünden fertile land is uncultivated for want of hands. Thus, much of the harder and lower kinds of manual labour is performed by Italians from parts of Piedmont and from the neighbourhood of Como. Thus, also, when the tremendous operation of piercing the present road of the Splügen through the previously inaccessible rocks of the awful defile of the Via Mala was accomplished about thirty years ago, the workmen employed were almost entirely Italians. The Graubündners, even for double pay, would not engage in any such perilous work. A great many lives were lost. The men were obliged to work at the blasting of the rocks suspended by cords from the top of the cliffs over the fearful abyss below. And it continually happened that the fragments of rock, sent flying in all directions by the springing of mines, cut the cords and precipitated the unfortunate men into the gulf beneath.

The valley of Domleschg (pronounce Domleesh), at the head of which Thusis stands, and through which the Hinter Rhine runs, affords an unusually good opportunity of observing the social results of the two rival faiths—the Catholic and the Reformed. The domains of each are most curiously intertwined. One village is Catholic and another Protestant; scarcely any two together being of the same faith throughout the entire valley. Another still more unusual singularity is, that all these little communities are divided from each other by differences of race and language as well as of religion. German is spoken in one parish and Romansch in the next. For the most part the Romansch villages are Catholic and the German communities Protestant; though this is not in every instance the rule. The superior prosperity, wealth, cleanliness, and respectable appearance of the Protestants are very remarkable. The numerous festivals of the Romish faith tell severely against the well-being of its followers,—especially in a country where labour is scarce, and there is more to be done than there are hands to accomplish.

The existence of these Romansch communities in this remote valley of the Alps is itself a curious phenomenon for the consideration of the ethnographer and linguistic antiquary. Tradition says that they are Tuscans, and that Thusis is no other than a corruption of "Tuscia." Rhetus, a chief of the Etruscans, was, we are told, driven from his country by an invasion of the Gauls, B.C. 287, and established himself in this valley; where he built the castle whose remains are still visible on a remarkable isolated rock standing boldly out from the mountains behind it, at an elevation of some four hundred feet above the river, at the very opening of the gorge of the Via Mala. This ruin still retains the name of Reat or "Rhetia alta;" as "Rhetia ima" is perpetuated in that of Rhetzens, another fortress still in habitable order, which guards the lower entrance into the valley. Be the origin of these settlers, however, what it may, it is very certain that the dialect spoken by them, and termed Romansch, is nothing but a corrupted Latin with such additions to it as modern necessities and increased communication with other peoples have introduced. The people of the Engadine or upper

valley of the Inn speak a dialect still more nearly approaching the written Latin familiar to us:—and it has been thought not improbable that their speech may be much the same as that of the lower orders of the Roman people at the period of Rome's power. The mere fact, however, of their local remoteness from the capital, as well as that of their diversity of race, will appear sufficient to make this seem unlikely to those whose wanderings have given them an opportunity of observing how invariably popular dialects of the same language differ from each other with the slightest difference of race, and even with any considerable distance of situation. That the language now spoken in the Engadine may be very much what it was in the palmy days of the Roman empire is by no means unlikely; and it is also probable that it may not differ from the Latin spoken at that period by the populace of Rome more than many of the Italian dialects now differ from the classic Italian of the educated classes in Tuscany. But this is allowing it a very considerable latitude of divergence.

Let the reader examine as a curiosity, for instance, the following specimen of a provincial dialect, as an example of the degree of degradation to which remoteness of district may subject a language. It is selected from a little book printed in the dialect of the Novarese, which is in use around the southern shores of Lago Maggiore.—

"An seu ban ch' bognava fe d'pi, ma l'è stae n' improviada compati ampo, e accettè o nost bon cheur. E s'ov la bogn d' quaios cha jaba mande a ca mia; l'è vel ch' è ampo da lonz, ma ciamè d' Gelind, ch' èic av mostreran; e vel ch' av digh, n' el digh mia per strimonia."

Which strange gibberish does literally into English means as follows:—"I know well that I ought to do more, but it has been done on the spur of the moment; have a little indulgence and accept our good intentions. And if there is need of anything, you have only to send to my house. It is true it is rather far; but call Gelind, whom everybody will point out to you; and what I have said I have not said for ceremony."

With this key the reader will easily trace the divergence of this vile patois from the "dolce favella" of Tuscany. He will perceive that it has been formed almost entirely by elision and by slovenly, inarticulate pronunciation; and he will find a trace here and there of the process by which French grew out of an abusive and degraded Latin. The little book from which the above is taken is in itself a curiosity. It contains one of the old Mysteries or plays from holy writ recently printed for circulation among the peasantry of the Piedmontese valleys. It is merely a reprint of previous editions continually repeated and as continually exhausted; for these old plays are still the favourite reading of the inhabitants of these secluded districts. The passage above quoted is part of the speech of a peasant to St. Joseph, offering all the assistance in his power to the Virgin, who is represented as on the eve of giving birth to the divine Child, and wholly unprovided with any of the necessary preparations for such an event. The subject of the play is the birth of our Saviour and the slaughter of the innocents by Herod. St. Joseph, the Virgin, Herod, and the angels express themselves in good Italian. But the peasants, who sustain a considerable part of the dialogue, all talk Novarese, as above. The result of this, and of the extreme homeliness and familiarity of their sentiments and expressions, produces a strange effect.

To return, however, to the subject which led me to speak of this little book,—I will now give the reader a line or two of Romansch that he may see how far it is likely that that may not differ more from the old spoken Latin than the Novarese does from good Italian. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the action of time on the Romansch dialect; as even in these remote valleys modern ideas and things will insinuate themselves and be talked of. The following lines are taken from a Romansch newspaper published at Coire.

"Plus ei il can della Baselia Catholica; sia honur e sia gloria el perquel era la honur e gloria dil Catholicismus. Tgei Papa ha acquistau en tuttas parts dil mund pli grond sum e profunda veneraziun che Pio Nono? L'America termetta in ambassador per metter giu al Papa sia cordialis gratulaziun; l'Engeliara, nua che la corrispondenza cun Roma era schiglioc seamondada sut peina de mort, e la Terchia igl infinit mortal dil Pontificat, retscheiven usm. Nossas papas."

I have selected a passage here of which the reader

will probably be able to make out the sense for himself. It will be observed that in two or three instances the forms approach those of the Spanish,—which has always been recognized as the most lineal descendant of the Latin.

This talk about dialects and their differences has left me no room to write all that I had intended about the primitive town of Coire,—with its Protestant population and its Catholic cathedral, bishop's palace, and seminary, looking old-fashioned, dirty, picturesque, and Catholic, on a hill, all by themselves inclosed within their own walls. A regular little *imperium in imperio* is the small knot of Catholic population in Coire; which consists of little more than the establishments I have enumerated and their hangers-on.

A bustling, active little man, a member of the "Great Council" of the Canton, and as such entitled to be addressed as "Your Wisdom," told me of a decree just passed by the Council disqualifying all nobles from taking any part in public affairs unless they would drop the "Von" and relinquish all claim to social distinction. "His Wisdom" talked with much satisfaction of the deeds of "our troops,"—the Gröndbündners, that is,—in helping to put down the Sönderbund;—spoke of new projects of progress and improvement; and showed me numbers of two new journals recently started at Coire. This little town, with a population of less than 5,000, has now nine newspapers, weekly and semi-weekly, including one in the Romansch tongue. In short, all here was life, progress, and movement. I ascended the hill, passed under the old feudal archway which separates the little host of Catholics from their fellow-citizens below, and there I saw a Franciscan monk lazily sauntering in the sunshine across the court which separates the cathedral from the bishop's palace. On being accosted, he, too, talked willingly enough of the antiquities in the sacristy—pixes dating from the fourth century,—a cope brought from Jerusalem by the Crusaders,—of the head of St. Lucius, the British king, there enshrined,—of the cathedral, which was built crooked instead of strait in memorial of the bending of our Saviour's head to the right when on the cross,—and other suchlike old-world *trumperie*. Truly, "His Wisdom" at the foot of the hill and "His Reverence" on the top were two types of the Present and the Past contrasted and strongly marked enough!

Of Zurich, to whose splendid new post-office I am about to commit this letter, I have left myself room to say but few words. A few words, however, are sufficient to characterize prosperity, wealth, and happiness. No ingredients are less picturesque for either pen or pencil. Active, clean, industrious, smiling, and comfortable, ultra-protestant Zurich sits on the fertile bank of her gentle lake, and enjoys the prosperity of which the foundations were laid for her by the struggles and sufferings of Zuinglius and many another citizen patriot and martyr in the cause of temporal and spiritual liberty. The French have a proverb which says, "grosier comme un Zurichois"; but there are few or no provincial towns in France which possess such ample preparations for education and intellectual pursuits as these good, fat burghers have provided for themselves and their children. It is true that society at Zurich is not brilliant. Balls are rare, and parties are chiefly confined to small meetings among intimate friends. But numerous booksellers' shops, well supplied with German and French literature, chiefly the former,—extensive educational institutions for all classes on the most large and liberal scheme,—a reading-room supplied with 250 of the best periodicals of Europe, including the *Athenæum*, *Literary Gazette*, *John Bull*, *Examiner*, *Quarterly*, and *Edinburgh*,—various public libraries, containing above 80,000 volumes,—and philanthropic institutions of all sorts, are sufficient to prove that the burghers of Zurich are not so "grosiers" as to think of nothing but their woollens and calicoes. T. A. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Last week we announced to our readers, on the authority of Mr. John Taylor, of Liverpool, the arrival of the comet predicted by Mr. Hind. It was a false rumour,—now to be corrected. The fire-choriot seen in the heavens was not that of the great traveller so anxiously looked-out for. Dr. Petersen did

discover a comet on the 7th of August; but it has a *retrograde* motion,—while the one predicted by Mr. Hind has its motion *direct*. This settles the question:—but it is right to add, that Mr. Taylor himself soon discovered his error, and thus accounts for it in his letter of correction to the *Liverpool Mercury*, through which his erroneous announcement had been made public:—

In working the problem on my cometarium, I made the mistake of directing the line of geocentric vision on longitudes 129° 57' 19" and 126° 21' 0", when it ought to have been directed on longitudes 92° 57' 19" and 96° 21' 0". I imagine that I mistook Leo marked on the division of the cometarium for Cancer, and that the excitement of the moment prevented my repeating the operation, as I ought to have done; for otherwise, as the diagram and the cometarium were both of them sufficiently correct, I must have seen that the comet seen by Dr. Petersen could not, in probability, be that of the years 1264 and 1556.

Mr. Hind, we understand, remains perfectly convinced of the ultimate fulfilment of his prediction, though a consideration of the planetary perturbations between 1556 and the present time leads him to think the comet's period will be sensibly lengthened. Twelve or eighteen months must elapse before the prediction can be decided upon.

We are glad to hear, on the credit of a contemporary, that there is at length some prospect of a first step being taken towards a line of embankment for the river Thames. Lord Cadogan, it is said, is about to apply to this object, in the neighbourhood of Westminster, a portion of a sum of money received by him in a transaction whereby the reversionary interest in the site on which the Royal Military Asylum stands, in the King's Road, Chelsea, passes from his hands into that of the Government.

As the time draws nigh when the mystery which hangs over the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew must be solved, the interest very sensibly deepens. The next intelligence from the party led by Sir James Ross to its solution will be looked for with painful anxiety—and all particulars coming from near the theatre of the search are meantime picked up with eagerness and earnestly examined for indications. A Montreal paper publishes extracts from a letter of Dr. Rae to his brother giving a sketch of the progress made by the Searching Expedition. The letter is dated from Cedar Lake, near the west end of Lake Winnipeg, 10th of June 1848; and contains the following:—"We learnt a very distressing report at Norway House, regarding four of the Expedition men, who are said to have lost their way in a snow storm, and perished. Neither the boats nor men from England are favourably spoken of,—the former being too slight, and the latter fit to carry only one piece over a portage, whereas you well know that the usual load is two. We are hourly in expectation of meeting the Saskatchewan brigade of boats, by which we shall hear authentic accounts regarding the Expedition party,—and we depend upon them a good deal for the supply of pemmican, dried meat, and tongues, to comfort the inner man."

Our notice, last week, of the fact that Mrs. Howitt is engaged on the translation of the works of Adalbert Stifter has brought us information of another labourer in the same field. So far as the individual translators are concerned, it is no part of our scheme or duty to make these announcements:—our purpose in this instance having been limited to informing our merely English readers that a writer whom we had ourselves introduced in high terms of commendation to their notice was about to be brought within reach of their more familiar acquaintance. But having coupled Mrs. Howitt's name with this announcement, we cannot refuse to state that there is a rival translator, Mr. Black, in the field,—whose work, he informs us, is considerably advanced.

Such of our readers as had any fears for the gallant band of adventurers who some time since came all the way across the Atlantic to face the traditional terrors of the Dead Sea will doubtless be glad to learn that they have got safe back to the shelter of Jerusalem. All the old marvels so long vouched for by the imagination are passing away before the power of the new and practical ones whose credit rests upon the evidence of the senses. The Dead Sea is not what these Americans "took it for,"—and they met with nothing on its borders, in the popular sense of the expression, "worse than themselves." Heavy metals will not float on its waters, unless provided

for by the usual mechanical applications to hydrostatic principles to which Lieut. Lynch and his party trusted themselves. The partridge feeds along the poisonous shore and the duck skims over the pestilential waters near which according to the received legend no animal thing could live. The party sounded the sea in all its parts to the depth of 600 fathoms, and found the bottom crystallized salt. They lived in a bitumen region for two months—and are reported well and cheerful. Whether they saw the Cities of the Plain is not yet announced; but a journal of the Expedition is, we believe, forthcoming.

A circular is before us summoning a Convention at Brussels, on the 20th inst. and two following days, for the purpose of influencing public opinion in favour of substituting some other and more rational mode of settling international differences than an appeal to force. The three practical points likely to be brought forward for consideration and discussion are stated to be—The introduction of an Arbitration Clause in all international treaties—The establishment of a High Court of Nations for the settlement of international disputes—and the General Disarmament of Nations. A steamer is engaged, it is announced, to convey the deputation from London to Ostend on the evening of the 18th,—whence the delegates will travel by special train to Brussels. The names of Elihu Burritt and Edmund Fry are attached to this document; and upwards of one hundred gentlemen of our country are, it is said on their authority, ready to represent British sentiment at the Peace Convention.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

NEW EXHIBITION at the DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, representing MOUNT ETNA, in SICILY, under three aspects—Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption; and the INTERIOR of ST. MARK'S at VENICE, with two effects—Day and Night. During the latter, the Grand Machine Organ will perform. Open from Ten till Five.—Admission, 2s.; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—THE CAUSE of the FATAL EXPLOSION in ALBANY-STREET explained, and illustrated by Experiments, in a Lecture by Dr. Ryan on GAS-MAKING, in which the New Patent GAS APPARATUS of Stephen White, Esq. is exhibited daily, at Half-past Three o'clock, and in the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. A Lecture on the HISTORY, USES, and MANUFACTURE of GUTTA PERCHA, by Dr. Bachoffner, daily, at Two o'clock, and in the Evenings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The various OPTICAL EFFECTS, DIVER and DIVING-BELL, WORKING MODELS explained. The Music is conducted by Dr. Wallis. Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price. New Catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETIES

ASTRONOMICAL.—June 9.—The Council announced that Dr. Pearson's 'Practical Astronomy,' the remaining copies of which now belong to the Society, would be disposed of to Fellows and Associates for one guinea, and to others for two. Extensive observations of Flora were announced,—some from Cambridge, others from Markree; and some of Astraea, made at South Villa. Also an ephemeris and elements of Iris, from Mr. Hind; observations of Neptune, from Cambridge and Hamburg, and an ephemeris (July—November) from Mr. Adams; observations of Metis from Markree, Cambridge, Hamburg; elements from Drs. Brunnow and Gould; and ephemeris by Mr. Graham; an ephemeris and elements of Encke's comet for its approaching return by Mr. Hind; and some minor announcements. But the most important communication was Mr. Airy's account of the correction of the elements of the lunar orbit, derived from the recently published reductions of the Greenwich observations, from 1750 to 1830. It is far too elaborate a communication for us to attempt any description of it. The astronomer himself will find the Society's abstract much too short. This is the most important comparison of the lunar theory with observations (as distinguished from the formation of a lunar theory from observations) that has ever been made.

HORTICULTURAL.—Sept. 5.—E. Brande, Esq., in the chair.—Lord Rokeby, J. G. Lye, J. Vere, and J. S. Bedford, Esqrs, were elected Fellows. S. Rucker, Esq., sent a curious Oncidium called *Macranthum*, pretty, but not so much so as it was expected it would prove.—The Duchess Dowager of Northumberland sent two ripe specimens of the Nutmeg; both had split, and showed the beautiful red interior.—one, the smaller, into two halves, the other into four valves or quarters, a circumstance rather unusual with this fruit, which seldom divides itself into more

than two.—From E. Lousada, Esq., were three large obovate orange-coloured Cedrats, with thick, wrinkled, spongy rinds, which are sometimes made into a preserve. They are the Median Apples of the ancients, and are cultivated in the southern parts of Europe, where they are esteemed for their fragrance and beauty, and for the essential oil which they produce.—Of Miscellaneous Objects, Mr. Hamilton showed a contrivance for supporting Hyacinths when the latter are grown in glasses. It consisted of pierced rings, through which wires were passed upwards to support the tops, and downwards into the glasses to keep the apparatus steady. From Mr. Yexley was a sample of cloth (water-proofed by some oily or resinous substance), which was stated to be better adapted for covering green-houses and frames in winter than Russian mats. It was mentioned that a trial was about to be made of it in the Society's garden.—From the garden of the Society came the small, round, black fruit and leaves of the Morelle de Guinée, a name under which seeds were sent to the garden by M. Volmorin, of Paris, last spring, and from which the specimens exhibited were raised. The common morelle of the French is the black nightshade (*Solanum nigrum*), which is generally considered to be poisonous. The Morelle de Guinée differs from the common morelle in having much larger leaves, even when grown in the same kind of soil. The leaves of both sorts, it appears from the following extract from *Le Bon Jardinier* of 1846, may be eaten like spinach:—"The morelle is an annual, growing naturally in Europe and America. It has hitherto been considered as a dangerous plant in France, where, consequently, it has been treated as a noxious weed; but it appears that the leaves may be used as spinach. Although it belongs to the Solanum tribe, it is perhaps not unwholesome. It is extensively used in the Mauritius under the name of *brède*, and likewise in the West Indies under that of *lanan*. Many of the Creoles who came to France searched for the plant and ate it without experiencing the least inconvenience. This plant may therefore afford for horticulturists another resource for the summer season, and can be easily increased by seeds, sown where the plants are intended to be grown, in any open space, in March, April, and May." Notwithstanding, however, this favourable account of a plant which has always been regarded as a poison, due caution was advised in testing its qualities.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF ART-UNION PRIZES.

In noticing the collection of works selected this year by the prizeholders, it will not be necessary that we, whose sentiments on the principle and working of the original plan have been so often expressed, should now repeat them—further than briefly to remark once more, on the new evidence before us, that the scheme has shown itself more favourable to the interests of the individual artist than to those of the Art which he professes. The present Exhibition displays no advance upon those of previous years. If there be fewer indifferent pictures, it seems only in the proportion of the fewer opportunities afforded for making mistakes by the smaller number of prizes awarded. That the Exhibition as a whole can "diffuse a sound love of Art" (to quote the letter of the Board of Trade already referred to in these columns, p. 779, as to the expectation on which the Society is allowed to hold its privileges) will not be believed by any one who observes how few works of any merit in the more elevated directions of Art it contains.

When it is seen that the principal money-prize has been applied to the purchase of a picture more remarkable for manipulative dexterity than as an evidence of mental capacity—and when it is recollected how largely the class of *tableaux de genre* and that of the most ordinary landscape, unredeemed by the phenomena of light and shade, enter into the constitution of the present show—it will not be said that the Exhibition represents in any high degree the powers of native Art. Having, at the time of their several appearances, made individual notices of the principal pictures here re-assembled, it only remains for us to advert to them again as they occur in the distinct classes under which they can be ranged.

In the department of History is Mr. O'Neill's *Catherine of Arragon appealing to Henry VIII.* (43)—certainly the best picture in the collection. Mr. Gilbert's *Othello* (22) has been also selected: as has Mr. O. Campbell's *Christ and the Two Disciples journeying to Emmaus* (10)—from the Free Exhibition—full of pretension and full of failure. Mr. W. H. Hunt's *Flight of Madeline and Porphyro during the Drunkenness attending the Revelry* (60), from Kestel's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' is after the manner of Mr. Herbert. The hand of a juvenile student is visible in Mr. G. R. Healy's picture of *The Proscribed Tribe of Benjamin carrying off the Daughters of Shiloh* (72). Mr. Hart's picture of *Meditation* (75), a misnomer, as we have said—it should have been entitled *a Magdalen*—is also here: as well as Mr. Woolmer's *Lake of Pergusa* (10)—which, though half landscape, is entitled to be considered under the head of historic Art.

Mr. Hurlestone's studies occupy a rank midway between the foregoing and the class of more familiar life. His *Meat and Drink in Italy* (33), and a group of figures called *Mendicanti of the Piazza Navona, Rome* (64), are bold life-sized exemplifications of character. Mr. T. F. Dicksee's *Sunday Morning* (53) is a girl dressed out in a costume too much after the fashion of rustic academics and *ateliers* to benefit much the Art of our time. Mr. M'Innes's *Summer Afternoon on the Lido, Venice* (50)—which we spoke of in terms of commendation when we saw it on the walls of the Royal Academy,—we are glad to meet with again here.

In the genre class we have Mr. J. Hill's *Shepherd Boy* (13)—a good study and a novel pose. Mr. Scanlan's *Escape* (14) is more ludicrous than dignified in situation. Mr. Clater's *Luncheon* (15)—Mr. Marshall's *Morning Toilet* (24)—and his *Pointing out the Text* (28) are clever presentments of country-life. Mr. Farrier's *Loiterer* (31) is carefully drawn. Though painted without that transparency always seen in works of the Dutch artists of this class—it is without any of the vulgarity which is their common fault.

Among interiors—Mr. R. S. Lauder's *Dick Tinto showing Peter Patterson his Sketch of the Bride of Lammermuir* (18) is the chief—and an old acquaintance.—Mr. W. Gill's *Preparing for May-day* (76) is a capital highly-finished *moreau*.—Mr. Prentiss's *Love in a Village* (42) figures as one of the moralizing themes. Mr. T. Brooks's *Soldier's Return* (56)—an incident in the life of Burns—is a better subject on which to expend time and talent than the common sentimentalities of love and courtship: and Mr. G. B. O'Neill's *Spectacles for All Ages* (82), where an Israelitish pedlar is improving the vision of some rustics, is a noticeable work of the same class.

Landscapes, as we have said, abound here; and there is not one that can be said to be elevated in aim or character. Mr. Boddington's *Shades of Evening* (47) has a scintillation of poetry and feeling—in about equal degree with Mr. Alfred Clint's *Sunset—Coast of Yorkshire* (43). The time and hour have contributed to prescribe to both the artists conditions favourable for the display alike of sentiment and effect—and they have not missed their point. Mr. F. Lee stands, as usual, at the head of the painters of more literal and actual scenes under ordinary circumstances. His *Shady River* (5), *Broken Bridge* (19), and *Mill-scene on the River Ogwie, North Wales* (74), are all here. After his custom, Mr. Jutsum is verdant in a *Trout Stream* (1), and a *Village Holiday* (2):—as is Mr. Boddington in a *Green Lane in Wales* (6), and a *Peep at a Village* (32).—In *Staithe, Yorkshire Coast* (12), Mr. Pyne is not so eccentric as usual in his distribution of tints. Mr. E. J. Niemann's *View on the Thames near Marlow* (16) is a capital piece of literality. Mr. T. Danby's *Wood Scene—North Wales* (26)—of which we have before spoken—is here: as is Mr. George Stanfield's clever view of *Portal, near Boulogne* (34). There is great truth in Mr. William Oliver's *Bridge over the Nar, near Narni, Papal States* (92): and in Mr. Tennant's *Llandoghen on the Wye* (95). Mr. E. Williams's *Gipsies' Home* (98) shows excellent management of fire and moon light. This last picture is especially worthy of notice.

Among the sea-skips Mr. Edward Cooke's *Dutch Yachting on the Zuyder Zee* (86) moves us most. Mr. A. Montague's *Dutch Milk-Boat* (38) is not

without in landscape and estee Wilson, Fori Row the most in the co Among nine some leader in their Con phrase of (113) is Corbould Hostess of Some fr among the studies Orphan (of that in peculiar Pastime of such eate pain (108) and Interior occasion it at the Water C Among Copyt Clapton Evans's Peasants Periheli of Loch by Mr. H. H. Weary ties in the most Barge, is the di Pymon the per on the View, n and On remark, the unni ing, Por the wo Bird's marvels and Fis Ther to be c Mr. Go artist's from M Harold, which London is too b Mr. engravi here: statue: Some ings illu and se silver a —Rey Mr. L. exhibit ewer in of a c mistak Sainte Our a num Lord view to in me the re

without its merits. Mr. Creswick's half-marine half-landscape *Home by the Sands* (71) is too well known and esteemed to need further comment. Mr. John Wilson, Jun.'s *Fish Carts on the Sands at Calais, with Fort Rouge* (61) is a very beautiful treatment.

Mr. T. Woodward's *Setters on the Moors* (80) is the most noticeable specimen of animal delineation in the collection.

Among the water-colour drawings we recognize some old favourites. Mr. Louis Haghe is the leader here—in *The Capuchin Monks at Matins in their Convent at Bruges* (123). Mr. Warren's paraphrase of Shakspeare in his *Seven Ages of Woman* (113) is here again met with pleasure. Mr. Edward Corbould's *Julian Peeverit taking his leave of the Hostess of the Cat and Fiddle* (19) and Mr. Weigall's *Sense from the Rape of the Lock* are the chief among the figure compositions. Among the rustic studies we recognize as old friends Mr. Hunt's *Orphan* (106) and the admirable *Interior* (130), full of that intensity of character and force of colour so peculiarly this artist's own. Mr. O. Oakley's *Gipsy Pastime* (127) strikes us as one of his best groupings of such matters. There is some excellent and delicate painting in Mr. Mole's *Returning from the Beach* (108) and in *The Rustic Wreath* (109). An *English Interior* (132), by Mr. W. Collingwood, we had occasion to think favourably of before when we saw it at the rooms of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Among the landscapes in this material are Mr. Copley Fielding's *View down the River Wye, with Clapstone Castle, Monmouthshire* (114); and Mr. Evans's *Cottage near Killierankie* (118), and *Scotch Peasants Washing on the Banks of the Lochy Killin, Perthshire* (134). By Mr. Gastineau there is a view of *Lock Leven, with the entrance to Glencoe* (121); by Mr. De Wint *Saltwood Castle, Kent* (129); and by Mr. H. Warren *The Shadow of a Great Rock in a Warty Land* (112). These constitute the notabilities in landscape: and in sea-ship, in this medium, the most remarkable are Mr. T. S. Robins's *Thames Barge, six before the Wind—the Reculvers, Margate, in the distance* (120), and *The Mew Stone, Coast of Plymouth* (126); in both of which the water gives the perfect idea of fluidity. Mr. Scott's *Old Hulk on the Beach at Harwich* (122), and Mr. Bentley's *View, near Burntisland, Coast of Fifeshire* (124) and *On the Coast of Normandy* (128) are worthy of remark. It is much easier to praise than to speak the unmentionable name of Mr. Duncan's drawing, *Pont-y-Pair-Bettus-y-Coed, North Wales* (125). The work deserves notice. In still-life, Mr. Hunt's *Birds' Nests and Primroses* (107) is one of his marvels in imitation: and Mr. Rosenberg's *Game and Fish* (135) has the merit of much truth.

There is here a little figure never before exhibited, *The Piper*, by Mr. F. Goodall (65). It is about to be engraved for the Art-Union of London by Mr. Goodall, Sen.—and is one of the best of the artist's smaller works. There is also a reduced copy from Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's picture of *The Burial of Harold*, made by Mr. T. G. Duvall for the print which is about to be engraved for the Art-Union of London. If we recollect the original correctly, this is too black in tone and too mannered in style.

Mr. Frost's picture of *Sabrina*—now in process of engraving, by Mr. P. Lightfoot, for the Society—is here: as well as Mr. W. C. Marshall's beautiful statue of the *Dancing Girl* reposing.

Some specimens from the volume of wood-engravings illustrating Milton's 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,'—and several statuettes, &c.; as also three medals, in silver and bronze,—of Chantry, by Mr. D. W. Wyon—Reynolds, by Mr. A. J. Sothard—and Hogarth, by Mr. L. Wyon: are amongst the series of works here exhibited. Let us not forget to mention a small ewer in bronze, the bas-relief representing the death of a cupid (139). It is by the same artist, if we mistake not, whose works we have admired in the Sainte Chapelle at Neuilly—M. H. de Triqueti.

THE HOLLAND MONUMENT.

Our readers will remember that some years ago a number of the friends and admirers of the late Lord Holland set on foot a subscription with the view to erecting, in Westminster Abbey, a monument in memory of that statesman and scholar,—and that the result was a sum of 5,000*l.*, clear of all expenses,

to be devoted to the production of a work of Art. For the application of this amount the Committee invited a competition of designs: and the plan chosen was one by Mr. Baily, the Academician-sculptor,—who has breathed more poetry through his particular form of Art than any other of our native school since the days of Flaxman. In no living school, indeed, that we know of do the warmth of flesh and the sentiment of spirit proclaim themselves in marble as they do under the chisel of this eminent sculptor. The genius of his great master speaks by him in many a line and lineament which will not let his name die from amongst us so long as a feeling for the spiritualities of his art survives in the land.

The Holland monument is now finished; and, previously to its removal for erection in the Abbey, has been set up in one of the sculptor's galleries for the purpose of enabling the Committee of the fund and an invited few, artists and lovers of Art, to judge of its effect. Of all the classes which come legitimately within the exercise of sculpture in its higher meanings, there is none perhaps that so tries the genius of the artist as the monumental. The almost necessity (except in a few supposable cases) of making allegorical in its appeal to the eye a subject which is meant to appeal finally, through that, to the heart, is itself a difficulty in an age of pure taste which rejects the strained conceits and tawdry affectations that so long beset our native school of sculpture. But the difficulty is infinitely increased when it is remembered how completely this resource of allegory has been already exhausted. The funeral figures have all been used up. The Graces, and the Charities, and the Muses have but a certain number of names and symbols,—and these have been presented in all possible forms and in nearly all possible combinations. The cathedrals and parish churches of the land exhibit a stone and marble population in every imaginable attitude of prayer, and rest, and resurrection. All the poses and expressions of monumental grief are familiar to us. The sculptor is almost condemned to be commonplace if he would be natural:—the search after originality is nearly sure to carry him into affectation. Grace must too frequently be accepted by him at the expense of insipidity—or novelty attained at the sacrifice of truth.

As we have often said,—through these, as through all other, difficulties genius can see its way by the light of its own torch. In its hands the commonplace becomes striking and the familiar new. The worn-out elements arrange themselves into beauty, as by a divine principle of order, beneath its touch,—and the old texts show new readings as its chisel writes them.—The first thing that strikes the mind about this Holland monument is its noble simplicity—the second that it is unlike anything we have seen before—the third that, nevertheless, there is nothing new here but the poetry of the sculptor's mind. All is familiar,—yet all is fresh. On the steps that lead up to the door of a vault—which we might expect to open and enter if a visit to the supposed inmate were desired—are three figures. We know them well. We have seen them again and again, on the presentation of the chisel:—but here they are revealed with a touch of their immortality. There is no affectation of attitude or drapery—but the essential looks sadly yet brightly through the human. Their grief is not lachrymose:—it is the grief of spirits. On the left hand of the spectator is Genius, with his old funeral emblem the reversed torch:—climbing the steps to the right are, in rich combination, Literature and Science. These are the mourners at this tomb—as they have been the hired mourners at so many others. But all that is foreign or meretricious about their look or office is here gone. The figures seem as they were rightly here—the proper spirits grieving at this eternal door. The more they are looked at the more they resolve into the essences which they embody. The perfect simplicity of their presentment is full of pathos. The scroll is in the hands of Literature, and that of Science rests upon her wheel: but these things are scarcely seen—seen only at last,—and not wanted as interpreters. The whole is greatly and beautifully monumental.

Over the doorway of the tomb, the keystone, enriched by a coiling serpent (the old emblem of eternity) assists to support the cornice,—from which rise a rusticated pediment and pedestal. On the latter is placed a colossal bust of the deceased Lord:

—and on either side of the tomb are bassi-relievi representing severally Charity and Justice. The monument is twenty feet high, eleven feet six inches wide, and has six feet of projection from the wall. The architectural portions are of Sicilian marble.—It will be placed, we understand, to the left of the west door of Westminster Abbey.

THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

The far-famed Chandos portrait of Shakspeare (the only authentic one of the poet either on canvas or on panel) was sold at the Duke of Buckingham's sale at Stowe, on Thursday last, to the Earl of Ellesmere for 355 guineas. We congratulate his Lordship on his new acquisition; which will form, it is said, the principal object in the Shakspeare closet in the new Bridgewater House, in the Green Park, which Mr. Barry is building for him. The only authentic portrait of Shakspeare is a treasure cheap at any price; and when it carries, as the Chandos portrait certainly does, a stream of pleasant associations with it, it is indeed an article to be coveted. As a work of Art the picture is of little value: it is only the fact of its representing the "majestic face" of Shakspeare that has made it sell for 355 guineas. The head of Gevartius by the same artist who drew Shakspeare would be thought dear at two guineas, but the head of Gevartius by Van Dyck would sell to-morrow for 3,000 guineas. The subject makes the reputation of the one,—the marvellous execution the reputation of the other.

The history of this very interesting portrait is shortly this. The Duke of Chandos obtained it by marriage with the daughter and heiress of a Mr. Nicholl, of Minchenend House, Southgate; Mr. Nicholl obtained it from a Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple,—who gave (the first and best) Mrs. Barry, the actress, as Oldys tells us, forty guineas for it. Mrs. Barry had it from Betterton,—and Betterton had it from Sir William Davenant, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, and not unwilling to be thought his son. Davenant was born in 1605, and died in 1668; and Betterton (as every reader of Pepys will recollect) was the great actor belonging to the Duke's Theatre, of which Davenant was the patentee. The elder brother of Davenant (Parson Robert) had been heard to relate, as Aubrey informs us, that Shakspeare had often kissed Sir William when a boy.

Davenant lived quite near enough to Shakspeare's time to have obtained a genuine portrait of the poet whom he admired,—in an age, too, when the Shakspeare mania was not so strong as it is now. There is no doubt that this was the portrait which Davenant believed to be like Shakspeare; and which Kneller before 1692 copied and presented to glorious John Dryden,—who repaid the painter with one of the best of his admirable epistles.

The Chandos Shakspeare is a small portrait on canvas, 22 inches long by 18 broad. The face is thoughtful, the eyes are expressive, and the hair is of a brown black. The dress is black, with a white turn-over collar the strings of which are loose. There is a small gold ring in the left ear. We have had an opportunity of inspecting it both before and after the sale, and in the very best light; and have no hesitation in saying that the copies we have seen of it are very far from like. It agrees in many respects—the short nose especially—with the Stratford bust; and is not more unlike the engraving before the first folio—or the Gerard Johnson bust on the Stratford monument—than Raeburn's Sir Walter Scott is unlike Sir Thomas Lawrence's—or West's Lord Byron unlike the better known portrait by Phillips. It has evidently been touched upon—the yellow oval that surrounds it has a look of Kneller's age. We know what artists will do, and what the ignorant hand of restoration will at times attempt. Sir Joshua Reynolds made a copy of it,—not very like it is said. Ozias Humphrey, R.A., in August 1783, copied it in crayons for Malone; and from this crayon drawing, which we have not seen, prints of it have been made which are far from like. Henry Bone, R.A. made an enamel from it,—and Mr. Charles Knight is in possession of the last copy which is said to have been made of it. None that we have seen, as we have said, are like:—and from what we have heard, from competent authorities, several of the copies have also missed the expression, which is both peculiar and good.

In passing judgment on this picture, it is only proper to compare it with the pictures of poets and actors of the same age that have reached our time. It is like, in manner of execution, to the portrait of Lowen (one of Shakspeare's fellow-actors), preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford—it is similar in general treatment to the acknowledged head of Ben Jonson in the Dorset collection at Knowle—and it is essentially akin, in every respect, to the curious portraits of poets and players which Alleyn, the founder, left, and Cartwright, an actor, of Charles the Second's reign, bequeathed, to Dulwich College. Our own opinion is,—made after a careful examination of the several pictures we have referred to,—that the Chandos picture is not the original for which Shakspeare sat, but a copy made for Sir William Davenant from some known and acknowledged portrait of the poet. Further than this we cannot go. It would be curious to compare it with the copy made by Kneller for Dryden,—which is said to be at Lord Fitzwilliam's, at Wentworth Castle, in Yorkshire; and still more curious to compare it with the portrait of the poet which Evelyn tells us belonged to Lord Chancellor Clarendon,—and which may still exist among the miscellaneous portraits at Lord Clarendon's, at the Grove.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed "to consider the best mode of providing additional room for works of Art given to the public or purchased by means of parliamentary grants" have agreed to the following Report:—

In considering the matter submitted to their attention, your Committee were naturally led to turn their first thoughts to the valuable collection of pictures just presented to the public by Mr. Vernon. They have been gratified to find that temporary accommodation can be at once provided for them within the precincts of the National Gallery itself; although the amount of room now but barely sufficient for this single purpose, and the early prospect of greater demands upon it, render it most desirable that additional space should be provided as soon as may be possible. Your Committee are unwilling to pass from this topic without recording their sense of the public spirit and considerate liberality which have prompted this living bequest on the part of Mr. Vernon; and they entertain no doubt that the public gratitude will furnish the most powerful incentive for eliciting further instances of munificence similar in kind, as well as the most honourable reward to him who has afforded this noble example. To this end, however, the means of adequate reception seem to be an indispensable requisite. The likelihood, therefore, of fresh supplies to the National Repository of Art, whether derived from individual generosity or by gradual purchases from the public funds, renders it advisable that the best mode of dealing with the National Gallery should be promptly taken into consideration. Your Committee cannot but regard the present building to be not only deficient in the requisite space, but, whatever may be the merit of particular portions or details, to be also very much wanting in the dignity and elevation due both to its purpose and its site. They have not omitted to consider the question, whether it would be expedient to erect an entirely new building upon another spot, and with this view they gave their attention to the most obvious situations in the metropolis; but, after careful deliberation, they unanimously concurred in the opinion, that, taking into account—the commanding nature of the site occupied by the present building, to which perhaps it would be difficult to find a parallel in our own or any other capital;—its accessibility and nearness to the chief thoroughfares and centres of business, which are fed by what has been described in a well-known phrase as "the fastest tide of human existence";—the aids to economy which, without sacrificing the beauty of effect which a new front and additional height may confer on the structure, would be furnished by the rare circumstance of only one ornamental front being rendered necessary from the disposition of the ground, and by the means which are at hand for making use of the whole of the present interior, due regard being paid to the convenience of the Royal Academy in procuring suitable accommodation elsewhere;—The space for further enlargement, which, in the process of time, and concurrently with the exigencies of the collection, might be supplied by occupying the uncovered ground now in the rear of the present building. For all these combined reasons, without presuming to indicate the precise period for the commencement of such a work, the determination of which may be governed by other considerations, your Committee would recommend that whenever it is undertaken, the enlarged and improved National Gallery should be on the same site as the present; and for the completion of such a work, which ought to be not unworthy of the age, the country, and its own destination, they would gladly see the most eminent talent of the nation invited to compete in designing an appropriate and enduring monument.

The Committee was composed of the following members: Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Hume, Viscount Morpeth, Mr. Goulburn, Mr. Baring Wall, Mr. Charteris, the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Benjamin Hall, the Marquis of Granby, Mr. Tufnell, Mr. Wakley, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Vernon Smith, and Mr. Banks. So

that whatever party shall be in power something will be done to enlarge and new front the National Gallery.—Where will the Royal Academy go to?

THE NELSON COLUMN.

A further dip into the Report of the Committee on Miscellaneous Expenditure, and its Appendix which has just appeared, offers some highly instructive revelations as to the manner in which such funds as the nation can be persuaded to bestow on the native Arts are employed and distributed. Personal influence and professional jobbing are powerful elements of the *taste* which directs the execution of our national monuments. The case of the Nelson Column, though well known, is worth referring to once more, for the purpose of giving prominence to certain facts which the Appendix above alluded to supplies.

Estimate 16, in Class 4 of Appendix 6 states that the Resolution of the House of Commons of the 5th of February, 1816 sets forth that in an address to the Prince Regent it is requested "that his Royal Highness will be graciously pleased to give directions that a national monument be erected in honour of the ever-memorable victory of Trafalgar," and "to commemorate the fame of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson," &c. It is added, that in so doing, the Committee of the Nelson Monument have "desired to perform a duty which perhaps the nation ought to have discharged not less than thirty years ago." The testimonial thus desired was declared to be a proper subject for public competition. Who among our leading artists competed, and what were the many and various conceptions in honour of the man and the event, we need not now recapitulate;—the designs are doubtless well remembered. The result was that the Duke of Wellington expressed himself in favour of a column, as the proper mode of honouring the naval service. We confess that, apart from any question of Art, we do not see the logical or metaphorical connexion; but the dictum was deferred to. It was, we believe, considered edifying to see the chief of a victorious army taking a prominent part in the erection of a monument to perpetuate the rival services of the chief of a victorious navy; and questions of Art—in an Art matter—became subordinated to this species of sentimentality. The result was, that a mere element of architectural combination—a column—was chosen as the scheme and substance of the commemoration; perfectly unmeaning as a matter of reference, and having no use at all where it stands save that of lifting the principal example of Art which it bears (and the only really monumental part about it) far out of sight. The sole idea which it suggests,—that of mast-heading the Admiral—is incongruous with the intention to do him honour. In a more Roman Catholic day, the fame of a Simon Stylites might have been at first sight supposed to be here recorded, but for the cocked hat. We are glad to call the shaft a column rather than a pillar, lest the idea of the pillory should be suggested. The mode of commemoration here adopted has not even the merit of being a novelty; London having already two similar structures—one in the immediate proximity of the site selected for this. The tax on the imagination or taste of the competitor for the work as thus determined was not very great. It involved merely instructions by an office clerk to get out drawings of a column of the Corinthian order, whose altitude was fixed; this, of course, determining the diameter and other details. The office clerk, by reference to such authorities as the folios in his employer's library contained, produced both capital and base, with their several members; and all the sculptural and architectural designs that had been sent in to the original competition were thrown aside that the naval Genius of England—we suppose personified in Nelson—might go aloft. At that time, it should be added, the matter was even worse than it is now. The basins were not then in Trafalgar Square, remotely to suggest his proper element—nor the fountains to imitate on a small scale the spouting of dolphins. Even now, the Admiral turns his back on these!—But the artists withdrew;—and the office clerk reigned supreme, with his parallel rule and dividers!

The parts were few and the labour small:—but not so the expense. The accounts show that up to

May 1844 the subscriptions, &c., amounted to more than 21,000!—and on the 16th of May we find by the Appendix that at a meeting of the Nelson Monument Committee, when the work is unfinished, it is declared that they have exhausted the funds at their disposal and want a further sum of 12,000! to complete the work!! They declare that they have no expectation of collecting from private sources any further sum, and "respectfully express their earnest hope that Sir Robert Peel, as the head of the Government, will be pleased to take these circumstances into his consideration, and will recommend the same to Parliament."

Is it not monstrous to learn that 21,000! were found inadequate to the building of a single column—and one of no very great magnitude! And how has this sum been squandered? For the statue of the hero which presides over it—even with the cocked hat which the sculptor was so reluctantly compelled to add—Mr. Bailey received exactly one-twentieth part of the original sum subscribed. The material out of which he carved it was the donation of the Duke of Buccleugh,—and the metal from which the capital was cast was the property of the public,—being old stores supplied from Woolwich. Yet a sum large enough to build a fine public edifice has been lavished on a solitary column—not yet finished,—and which it has grown proverbial to say never can be finished.

Along with its neighbour of Carlton Gardens, we may be said to possess here in London, within an area of a few acres, the Jachin and Boaz of architectural purity and extravagant expenditure. The less that is said of the York Column the better. Its wretched capital surmounted by its more wretched balustrade testifies to poverty of invention. A lightning conductor which issues from the head of the figure on its summit is so contrived as absurdly to seem a part of the design: and as for the figure itself, it is only by faith that we know it not to represent the Cham of Tartary. The base of this column is the affectation of plainness and insipidity. If columns are to be the order of the day, a visit to Fish Street Hill might benefit future committees and their artists.

But to return:—In 1844 the Committee of the Nelson Column asked for 12,000! from Government to complete the base only—a sum which by other countries would be considered sufficient for the entirety of some important national construction. We find in the estimate before us how that sum is disposed of. The contract with Messrs. Grissell & Peto for the granite steps alone is 3,095! The material used, it is true, involves the necessity of transport from a distance and working:—but not such an amount of labour in the carving of its most simple, nay primitive, design as to warrant this price. Four lions to be carved in granite are set down at 3,000!—being three-fourths of the amount paid for the four *bassi-rilievi* commemorative subjects in bronze. These details show great disproportion in the scale of charges; and we allude to them because they are fresh illustrations of a spirit which enters too largely into all our Government doings of the kind. The painter or the sculptor employed in the decoration of public works—whose talents are of the most creative order—is subjected to the most rigid practice of economy—as here in the cases of the crowning statue and of the reliefs which are to illustrate the base. The lions can hardly be said to come under the head of Art proper. The cost, then, of the statue and of the Art-decorations for the base will have been about 5,000!; while no less a sum than 23,000! will have been lavished on the construction of a mere column.

To recapitulate:—out of a sum of 33,000! collected by private subscription and public grants for a feature of embellishment to one of the finest sites in Europe, as it has been called, 2,000! has gone for the architect's commission,—3,000! for the lions,—23,000! has been pocketed by the builders for constructing a column for the capital of which Government furnished the stores,—and 5,000! has been expended on the sculptor! A monument of the kind, so richly endowed, should have been a proud expression of our national Art. But the sons of genius are certainly not the spoiled children of the English Government.

THE LOW COUNTRY MONUMENTS, OLD AND NEW.

The Hague, September.

It may be doubted whether half-a-dozen English pleasure-pilgrims have stopped, in a twelvemonth, at Breda—at least, since the value of steam in facilitating long Continental journeys has been felt. This year, however, weary folks on holiday intent are compelled "to step between the drops," as the English phrase is, on a wet day. They must needs pick their way betwixt Diet and Republic, Barricade, Congress, and Cat's Concert, if they would keep clear of the storm of political excitement; and hence Holland may be more minutely inspected than of late has been its fortune. Taking the route by the inner waters from Antwerp to Rotterdam, it is no bad excursion to land at Bergen-op-Zoom (a citadel which seems expressly contrived to prevent the entrance of passengers with their luggage), and to cross thence, by Breda and Moerdijk, to Dordrecht. One-sided must be the man, and guiltless of possessing a painter's eye, who does not own that the last-named busy town, with its shipping and brave windmills—its tipsy, tottering brick houses, fanned by fine trees, and its bits of fruit and flower garden—its canals, and florid gateways, and tall old church—furnishes him with about as rich pictures (after their kind) as any which Europe can show. But pilgrims and painters enough have stopped at Dordrecht; so we will go back to Breda, and loiter there for a paragraph or two. Not, however, to talk about the Siege which makes so gallant a figure in military history—still less to sentimentalize in "the shady old grove" where the Merry Monarch killed a portion of his weary time of exile and expectation, till "those Cromwells" were ousted and "the King could enjoy his own again." Least of all are we disposed to take up the dismal tale of the growler in Murray's "Hand-Book,"—who found the inns "worse than barracks." The antiquarian who loves the softest of cushions and the savouriest of meats may tread upon Turkey carpets in the excellent Hotel de Flandre, and there eat grapes and mulberries out of mine hostess's own garden—in short, be civilly and luxuriously served at moderate charges. Therefore, the great Church of Breda is not the least in the world of an "adventure."

But why has no one invited the tourist to look at its tower: which, so far as the ancient portion of it goes, is Gothic of the most graceful quality—commanding from its height, harmonious in its proportions, and delicate in its ornament, without flange minuteness? Our object was the monument said to be by Buonarroti; but the building, and especially this important feature of it, was a surprise. Whether Ecclesiology will ever raise its odd head in this flat land is a question for the sibyls; but at Breda its zealots might find ample employment in pulling down the pagoda-like cupola which crowns the summit of the tower aforesaid, and in scraping the whitewash off wall and pillar within,—the pews, galleries, and hideous organ-front being left for a second fit of fervour. It is more than probable that the revelations made would be historically, no less than artistically, curious,—so harshly has the building been treated, yet so interesting are the remains now to be seen. These are principally monumental,—and one or two of very fine quality.

Soth to say, however, the great "lion" of Breda—the tomb of Engelbrecht II. of Nassau, said to be by Michael Angelo—is a disappointment. Beyond the first idea, I cannot think that the great Italian had any hand in it:—the fact of the invention being repeated elsewhere (I think in a monument at Munich) makes it questionable how far it was expressly originated for the case of commemoration in question. The Count and his Lady lie on two mats curiously plaited and rolled, on a tablet of touchstone, canopied by another tablet of equal size on which the knight's armour is displayed. This slab is supported by four male figures, each kneeling on his right knee,—two of them representing Julius Cæsar and Attilius Regulus, (the "style and title" of the others are effaced). The slabs are black; the figures made of a sort of streaky, semi-transparent marble, of a soapy brown mottled with white, the effect of which is not pleasing. But the meagreness of the limbs, the feebleness of the countenances (the Lady Limburg's being the best), the littleness of the draperies, and the excessive care with which some

of the merely decorative portions are made out, render it more than questionable whether Michael Angelo's hand ever touched this monument. If it did, one has to recognize him in a new character,—as capable of weakness, and not clear of the ecstatic prettiness of a worse school than his own. The tomb, however, is well worth a visit; and my question is, perhaps, a mere amateur's objection—good, merely to be set aside.

There are other monuments in the Church, less famous but not less interesting than the above. First, the tomb of Count Henry of Nassau, with kneeling figures of men and women,—some, alas! headless; but those which war has spared forcible in character and free in attitude. Still more to be admired is a *plataresco* tomb, bearing the date of 1536, to the memory of the Sieur de Borgnival, chief engineer to Charles V.; the details and ornaments of which are excellent for their grace, fancy, and richness. Behind the high altar lie buried the Knight of Renesse and his Lady in an altar-tomb: and close at the knight's feet his natural daughter,—her place marked by a mere graven stone. Another grand monument—at best imperfectly to be seen by mounting the bench of a pew—has a vigorous and excellent bas-relief of the Last Judgment, much more in the style of the great Italian sculptor than the tomb affiliated to him. There is a brass in the choir of the most excellent quality. This commemorates William of Gaellen, a Dean of the Chapter, set forth by the brass as a Dean of grand presence. The ornaments on his robes are of the best period, elaborate and florid—and have escaped the dilapidations of war and the depreciations of the scrubbing-brush (which here go far to exemplify perpetual motion) in a manner that is remarkable. I do not remember elsewhere to have met the motto

Anima . deo . vivat . saxum . hoc . cineres . habet .

Besides the above there are other curiosities: a splendid tabernacular brass font, the cover of which is only to be raised by a crane; and stall-seats decked with woodwork of that grotesque and mocking style of design which it is to be wondered that the medievalists have never thought of reviving.—But enough by way of recommending the Great Church of Breda.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We have made another visit to Stowe, for the sole purpose of seeing the pictures in a proper light. We have already observed how badly they were hung, as if they were mere furniture pictures;—and what a sad heap of rubbish the sweepings of several intermarriages had brought together. There was much, however, that was good, though not of a very high description. The miniature of Charles II. by Cooper, and the best of the Sir Joshuas, were withdrawn,—having been valued for the family, and bought in. The pictures that really came to the hammer brought excellent prices. Sir Peter Lely was seen in great strength. A three-quarter portrait of Lady Henrietta Berkeley when young (seated, in a brown dress—extremely elegant) was sold to Mr. Farrer for 70 guineas; a three-quarter portrait, in white dress and yellow drapery, of the pretty but notorious Anne, Countess of Southesk (full of pastoral simplicity) was sold to the same gentleman for 80 guineas; a full-length of Nell Gwynne, in yellow and blue dress (the mouth and eyes exquisitely pencilled), sold for 100 guineas; an elegant head of Sir Richard Temple when young was bought by Sir Robert Peel for 107. 10s.—and the notorious Countess of Shrewsbury for 65 guineas. The Catherine of Braganza, seated, sold for 43 guineas. The Knellers were not very remarkable specimens, though a few were good. A full-length of the great Duke of Marlborough, given by the Duke himself to Secretary Craggs, brought 50 guineas (this was an early portrait—he is extremely handsome); and a three-quarter portrait of Sarah, his Duchess, with her gold key of office at her side (also a present to Craggs), 16 guineas; a head of Van Huysum, by himself (holding a canvas, on which he has commenced a flower-piece), sold for 20 guineas. Richardson's portrait of Pope brought 70 guineas—more than it was expected to bring, but not more than it deserved to sell for. Hudson's profile portrait of Hester Grenville, Countess of Chatham (the mother of William Pitt, who bore his mother's nose and look), sold for 50 guineas. Sir Joshua's Marquis of

Granby (more faded than we had thought it to have been) brought 200 guineas; and his full-length of the Marchioness of Buckingham, with her son, the late Duke, when a boy, 130 guineas. Fuseli's two scenes from Shakespeare brought respectively 65 and 63 guineas. A head of Francis Horner, by Owen, was sold to Sir Robert Peel for 20 guineas. Two clever portraits by Hoppner—one of Lord Grenville, seated at a table, brought 65 guineas,—the other, of Mary Lady Arundel (the face beautifully painted, and the landscape background frank and Gainsborough-like), 26 guineas and a half. 'The Wreckers off Calais,' by Clarkson Stanfield, sold for 410 guineas; and the full-length of the Marquis de Vieuxville, in a rich white dress and blue cloak (attributed to Van Dyck, and much in his manner), for 210 guineas. The view of Minchen House, by Richard Wilson (a speck in the middle of a wide level country), brought 195 guineas; and a view of Caernarvon Castle, by the same artist, 110 guineas. Wilson probably received not more than 30*l.* a-piece for them. The Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare (sold to Lord Ellesmere for 355 guineas) we have noticed elsewhere.

What is to be done with all the Doric columns—amounting to about a hundred and fifty—of the Quadrant in Regent Street? It is too late now to depreciate their inexplicable removal; but surely they may be turned to account very effectively elsewhere. Luckily, we do not require shelter from rain in this fine climate of ours—so, as far as any public convenience is concerned those colonnades may of course very well be dispensed with. But this destruction of a very marked and unique public architectural feature in a great city at the dictation of some private interests savours strongly of that spirit of jobbery which infests so many of our public institutions,—and haunts no region of them all more offensively than that of Art. In England, as yet the artist has no chance against the shopkeeper!—the trading influence is too powerful for "gods or columns."

We have seen the new two-shilling piece, or "florin" as it is called,—and look upon it as a very fine specimen of Mr. Wyon's taste and skill. The obverse is the Queen's head,—and is the same (the lettering excepted) as that of the five-shilling piece of which we have heard so much and the public has seen so little. The reverse is different: less medieval in character,—and hardly, to our thinking, as good. The workmanship is excellent,—but it does not follow (for it was a proof which we saw) that the coins actually put in circulation will be at all equal to the specimen. This is occasioned by the sad system pursued at the Mint, and now under review by—from what we hear and trust—a competent commission. Our dies are engraved by an artist not surpassed by any die engraver in Europe. His works are known; he has his reputation to maintain, and he is therefore anxious to achieve his best. But what is his fate under the present system? As soon as the dies are completed they are delivered over to be hardened, and nobody knows by whom the operation is performed or who is responsible for what is done. What is the result of the system?—that more dies, it is said, are broken, burnt and injured in this process in the Royal Mint of England than in most if not all the public and private establishments in Europe. But this is not all. The dies which have gone through this process without becoming utterly useless are delivered over to the moneyers,—and as these persons work by contract they are only anxious to finger the per-centage upon what they have done. The excellence of what they turn out is not their object—gain is their only end. It appears to us that if the head of the hardening department were fined for every broken or injured die and the fine increased in proportion to the number rendered useless, the Mint of England, with the marvellous machinery which it already possesses, would soon become remarkable not only for its few bad dies but for the beauty and excellence of the coins produced.

In the last fasciculus of his note-book, (the 85th,) the contributor who writes under the signature of Candidus in the *Civil Engineer* urges very strongly the propriety of completing the exterior of the buildings of Somerset Place by giving a façade to that range of them which, originally shut out from sight and never intended to be seen, now shows itself far more conspicuously

than advantageously along the east side of Wellington Street. This is in fact a positive eyesore, disfiguring the approach to the noblest of our metropolitan bridges, and greatly impairing the effect of the river front of that pile of buildings. The magnificence of the latter is made to show as a mere mask to paltriness—and a mask so awkwardly put on that the ugliness which should be concealed is most of all visible. The fine architectural ensemble that would else be produced by the juxtaposition of two such noble works as Waterloo Bridge and the terrace front of Somerset Place is altogether marred by the shabbiness and vulgarity of the west wing of the last-mentioned pile:—a circumstance all the more provoking because it is most admirably situated, and an architectural façade just there would be peculiarly favoured both by aspect and other circumstances, and display itself in an unusually striking and happy manner. One peculiar and favourable circumstance is that the building stands back at such a distance from the foot pavement on that side of Wellington Street, that were there a handsome façade it could be viewed most distinctly and without interruption. At present the advantages of position and site serve only to make the mass of deformity more offensively conspicuous. The present is not the first opportunity, as our readers know, that we have taken of enforcing this subject.

There are certain repairs in progress at Gloucester Cathedral—not, however, before they were wanted. The west front is undergoing restoration; and the modern screen which injures the effect of the east window and of the Lady Chapel will, it is said, be removed. We are glad to think that the Dean of Gloucester is imitating what has been done before, and is still doing, by the Deans of Ely, Hereford and Wells.

A correspondent writes to us as follows from the Hague.—A bronze statue of William the First, Prince of Orange, has been this year inaugurated here. The figure is the work of M. Royer, and stands well, but is awkwardly caparisoned, not to say over-draped. A mantle is a helpful thing,—as many a modern painter knows when arranging his mirror for "the Portrait of a Painter;" but this mantle is in heavy and unwise profusion. The vest, too, is awkwardly arranged, under the fallacious notion of getting rid of the formality of a row of buttons;—and mantle and button-row distract the eye somewhat from the face, which has little more merit to recommend it than fidelity to the portraits. Yet the worst of these new works is better than the best of the scroll-clad, fluttering, frittered-up creatures, passing for generals, "saints, sages, and sophists," whom the present fashion of statuary has utterly superseded. But, oh! for another Michael Angelo, to give us another sitting Lorenzo! and to emancipate the world from this, that, or the other conventionalism, whether lay or priestly, which in this place means artistic.

It was but the other day, our readers will remember, that a paragraph was going the round of the newspapers which threatened the carrying off of the Colosseum from the Regent's Park and its transplantation to either Liverpool or Birkenhead. A feat in some respects of the same kind has been accomplished, and our readers will marvel at learning that our Houses of Parliament have been transplanted to Berlin, and there translated into an extensive pile of building for the new Cavalry Barracks of the Ulanen Regiment. The translation is not indeed a very literal one,—the German version being rather bald in comparison with Mr. Barry's original. Still, the resemblance is very striking. There is no mistaking it,—excepting by mistaking, as we did the other day, an engraved view of it for one of our own "Houses." A second glance showed us that the river had disappeared; yet that we thought might be only a trifling omission, excusable in a foreign draftsman making a view of what he had never seen and unacquainted with the locality in which it stood. Or, somebody might at last have succeeded in doing what has been so long talked about—setting fire to the Thames and burning up the river. In case such a "catastrophe" did not singe his own building, whoever else might be grieved at it, Mr. Barry could hardly be so,—since then all the elaborate details and ornaments of his East front could be duly seen and admired. In point of situation the new Berlin Barracks have unquestionably an advantage over the

"Houses." The former stand apart from other buildings,—with their front towards a lawn or meadow: yet it would be a very great advantage for both buildings could they exchange situations—could the site of the one at Berlin be transferred to that at Westminster, and vice versa.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

'With Grief our Heart is swelling.' By B. Schädel.—'Sweet Rose that growest o'er her Tomb.' By Dr. C. Löwe.—'Amid the Lowlands dwells my Love.' By Ferdinand Hiller.—'Know ye the Land.' By M. Hauptmann.—'Stars that shine from Heaven.' By C. Mühlendorf.—'Everywhere, far and near.' By L. Spohr.—The above half-dozen songs are grouped together because they form a series published for the benefit of the German Hospital in Dalston. The second, by Dr. Löwe, is graceful, with the original words,—half of its motion and elegance being lost by the extreme awkwardness with which the English text has been arranged. Herr Hiller's *Lied* attracts us by a certain simplicity which is too much disregarded in German vocal music; where curiosities of accompaniment, peculiarities of modulation, and a pedantic and *bit-by-bit* forcing of sound to sense are too often allowed to supersede vocal interest,—and that more general but not less artistic pleasure which is excited by the sentiment of an entire lyric (as distinguished from a setting of word by word) uttered in music. Herr Hauptmann's setting of *Mignon's* 'Kennst du das Land' is not the worst version we have met with,—and as a pleasing song for a *mezzo-soprano* voice it has a charm and a value. But we think that modesty should keep any new comer aloof from ground occupied by Beethoven; who, (though not always happy in his vocal essays) set Goethe's exquisite song, we have been used to think, finally. Herr Mühlendorf's song is absolutely grotesque in the hopping and trivial rhythm given to sentimental words. If said in English as here set (in a *tempo allegretto con moto*), they could hardly fail to excite a smile. Dr. Spohr's contribution might be played with perfect satisfaction as a '*Lied ohne Worte*.' The accompaniment is unisonal with the voice; and the harmonies have that touch of over-exquisite which makes a commonplace melody interesting by reason of the novelty or richness of the chords, but in proportion draws away attention from and lessens the liberty of the voice.

Several English Songs are before us.—*The Widow Bird*. Cleveland's *Serenade to Minna Troil*. *Recitative and Air*, words selected from the 12th Chapter of *Ecclesiastes*. *Never to bloom*, the words by Alfred Crowquill. The above four, by George Marshall, make a very odd collection. Shelley's melancholy musical fragment (for it is more like a snatch from one of our old dramatists than a complete lyric) was set infinitely better by Mr. G. Macfarren for the Beethoven Album [*Ath.* No. 1009]. 'Cleveland's *Serenade*' is simply puerile in the change of *tempo* introduced. We remember long ago to have been treated to a sight of a MS. edition of 'Isaiah' versified in the pleasant cantering measure of 'The wounded Hussar.' About as reverent and as appropriate is Mr. Marshall's *travestie* in music of one of the sublimest passages in Holy Writ.—*Early Flowers*, a duet, is by an amateur. *The Sweet Spring Time*, and 'Tis bliss indeed to watch thy smile, by Mr. Brinley Richards, "have more of reason in their rhyme" than the above,—yet are still not remarkable. It is too late in the year of Chartist expectancy to do more than advert to the new National Hymn by Mr. Linley and Mr. Vincent Wallace, 'O, preserve and bless the Queen,' to which the apprehensions of April gave rise. Had Mr. Wallace given himself time to reflect, he would not have used a rhythm which is incontestably and indestructibly secular in a composition of sacred character. Another *pièce d'occasion*—after its kind more hymn-like—is *Italy*, a patriotic song written and composed by Mary and Vincent Novello:—a serious, flowing and regular melody, with a chorus.

We have kept one new publication apart from the rest because of its superior quality—a two-part song, *O! that we two were Maying*, the words from 'The Saint's Tragedy,' by Mr. Kingsley, set by

Mr. Hullah. Here we have to commend freshness of idea, careful writing, and interest in the conduct of the vocal parts clear of that pedantic super-elaboration which some in Mr. Hullah's position are apt to inflict on the world, when they should most lay aside the Schoolmaster. The close is striking, rich, and effective; but we have been so accustomed to connect its style with modern romantic drama that we are not convinced of its fitness to the words set. This, however, may be rather an affair of association than of just appreciation.

Though we suspect that the most persevering lover of Italian music is, by this time, tired of the perpetual '*cielo e mar*' and '*Voga, voga!*' of the Barcarolle writers (or *urights*), we must nevertheless say that Signor Pergetti's *Barcarolla* (the solitary specimen of Italian music before us) is one of the best of its class: a tuneful and pleasant duet for *mezzo-soprano* and *contralto*—from the compass within which it is written qualified to enjoy a wide circulation.

It is with sincere pleasure that we point out the difficulty which we find in keeping pace with Mr. Novello's cheap musical publications—seeing that their appearance implies no infringement of copyright, and that number and variety do not seem to preclude editorial discretion, care and correctness. The *Dettingen* 'Te Deum,' and 'Judas' of Handel have been brought to a close. 'Jephtha' is in progress,—as also is the 'St. Paul' of Mendelssohn. We are informed by the publisher that the success of the cheap edition of the last has fully warranted what might have been thought his venturesomeness in producing so recent a work at so low a price.—Here, too, let us mention that *Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland*, edited by Mr. G. F. Graham, is rapidly approaching its termination. This collection is so interesting, if only in the amount of anecdote and information conveyed in the notes, that we propose returning to it, leisure permitting—possibly for a fire-side winter gossip about the music and lyrical poetry of North Britain.

HAYMARKET.—The Adelphi company continue here their melodramatic revelling, to the delight of a sympathizing audience,—not so numerous as formerly perhaps, but still, as *Shylock* would say, "sufficient." The current week will, however, we believe, terminate this irregular exhibition; and on next Monday the more legitimate performances are to begin with a revived comedy. Meanwhile, Mrs. Yates and Miss Woolgar have been figuring as the heroines of 'The Wreck Ashore.' The former as *Atlee*, in the famous incident of loading the gun and shooting the man through the door, showed a natural trepidation calculated to tell upon the nerves of the sensitive. Mr. Wright, as *Marmaduke Magog*, in the different phases of *Parish Constable* and *Parish Beadle*, abounded in humour. What we have said in relation to this class of production, and its privileged freedom from all the requirements of a cultivated elocution, receives in the present piece abundant illustration. So poorly is it written, that any attempt to elevate its language by the delivery would miserably expose its bareness and insipidity. While maintained at a natural level, it escapes attention; the audience are moved only by the situations—and therein is "the be-all and the end-all" of melo-dramatic histrionism.

MARYLEBONE.—A Miss Emma Landon made her *début* here, on Monday, in the character of *Kate O'Brien*, in the farce of 'Perfection.' Her voice is, unfortunately, feeble in tone,—and her manner deficient in vivacity and power.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. Organs in Holland.

Amsterdam. It must strike every observer given to believe in a connexion among the Fine Arts as curious that, whereas in painting the Dutch have so unmistakably displayed a will and a way—let me boldly say a poetry—of their own, they are all but null among the nations of Europe as regards musical character or individuality. The one point of strength which they boast is mechanical, not artistic. Yet it might not be amiss to come at the reason—if reason there be, beyond the natural efforts of ostentatious competi-

tion—of churches the nation fine fancies nothing able man finished curious of the teeth of which f to death face by events t While Krabet is regal sweet-t four-pe cially f in the could d congress above t dam h framed church of most it stand marble fuse can and bri ment to the play ing int happily the ins of its m sixty-ei solo on and a f class in affluen district large sourly to lead No gr the ch huddle our p fashion wise, v me ro these p among the gentler form? Hemil the R person his fin on the organ inhabi a pity indee Herr make lay th taste: almost one is out-d forte, "O" "from their the Nig a page the gre stress Dutching ing fo long

tion—of the remarkable size of the organs in the churches of Holland: a land, be it recollected, where the national worship is not one of parade. Their fine quality is readily explicable by the Sybaritic fancies of Myneher; which, in so many points are nothing short of magnificent. Large, light, comfortable mansions,—luxuriously coloured and exquisitely finished pictures,—the smoothest of roads,—the most curious of gardens, seem to form an indigenous part of the Hollanders' aids and appliances for living;—the *pot de bière* et *pipe* having been thrown in the teeth of an intelligent, brave and courteous people with a sneer as unfair and indiscriminate as that which formerly thought that John Bull was "done to death" for ever by ridicule when slapped in the face by the now cosmopolitan Beefsteak! At all events the Dutch church organs are of prime quality. While the "glass fancier" is admiring the gorgeous Knabth windows in the great church at Gonda he is regaled with the sound of a very powerful and sweet-toned organ (the show and performance, price four-pence), in which the *vox humana* stop is especially fine. We came upon another Bonnerges in the new church at Delft, leading—'for nothing could drown—the roaring unisonal psalmody of the congregation: in which, again, the full organ was above the average quality. Rotterdam and Amsterdam has each its noted instrument. That of the Oude Kerk, in the latter town, is as gorgeously framed as if it had been contrived for some Jesuits' church, instead of for a building puritanically deprived of most other enrichments.* The gallery in which it stands is richly inlaid with porphyry and white marble; its case is florid, with the most heavy and profuse carving and gilding. The tones are rich, firm, and brilliant; and the effect of it as an accompaniment to the psalmody is most imposing, in spite of the player's indulgence in those mean and unmeaning interludes of flourish-work which with us have happily become obsolete. I was allowed to inspect the instrument closely; but could not learn the name of its maker or the date of its construction. It has sixty-eight stops (a fair allowance, apparently, of solo ones), three rows of keys, heavy in the touch, and a full complement of pedals. In short, it is a first-class instrument. It is questionable whether a like affluence of good organs can be found in any other district of such limited extent. A far less costly and large "kist fu' o' whistles" (as The Cameronian squire nicknamed Milton's delight) would suffice to lead and accompany the tunes of the Dutch psalter. No great variety of stops can be required to clear the churches of their congregations;—as the latter huddle home, pell-mell, in a manner which seems to our precise eyes little more orthodox than their fashion of the men sitting through the service, Quaker wise, with their beavers on. All these things bring me round again to my first speculation—whether these great organs indicate any peculiarity of pursuit among those who lead in church matters and sit in the seats of the Burgo-masters. Does the Dutch gentleman's capacity for musical pleasure take this form? While we were once again enjoying the Hemlinks, the Van der Helst, and the Rubens in the Royal Gallery at the Hague, a very frivolous person (I hope not the Court organist) was exercising his fingers in the music-loft above by playing a *fantasia* on themes from 'Zampa.' Then, Christian Müller's organ "furnishes forth" a promenade concert for the inhabitants of pleasant Haerlem twice a week. What a pity it is that the players are so inferior! Why, indeed, does not some worthy professor, such as Herr Schneider of Dresden, every now and then make a tour, as Sebastian Bach did in his time, to lay the seeds of, or revive, or perpetuate a better taste? I am persuaded that the effect would be almost that of a new pleasure. But, whereas everyone is willing enough to attempt the impossibility of out-doing Liszt, Chopin, or Thalberg on the piano-forte, no young musician seems to care for such a high

thing as a mastery over the King of Instruments. Well-known men, with fixed duties, become naturally averse to experiment and correction.

So much with regard to the Dutch organs. Other signs of musical life are few and far between. It is true that here at Amsterdam the shop-windows are full of the works of Mendelssohn and of Liszt; but I can hear of no resident artist able, nor stranger advertised, to play the same,—of no vocalists of renown, —of no operas. Perhaps classical pleasures are reserved for the ice-season: whereas now, all persons of refined senses do well to escape "the growth of the water" (as that autumnal state of the canals is called when odours multiply, under the influence of which paint turns black and human faces green) and the madness of the Fair. Among the temptations of the latter I observe announced a party of Quartet singers from Hamburg: but the "lions" likely to command the largest share of favour are, Mdlle. Dejazet and a company of equestrians,—possibly the same that two years ago amused me by advertising as among its other attractions "the well-known and famous English clowns, Messrs. Kean and Macready!" The *vaudeville* singing at one of the national minor theatres—where the male world smokes and drinks while domestic drama or broad farce, translated from the French, is passably played—is about as tuneless a performance as any I ever heard. At the Stad Schouwburg, the legitimate theatre (a building wondrously haggard and dirty for a clean place like Amsterdam, with such a shilling gallery), a mediocre orchestra played bits of Beethoven's Symphonies between the acts of a drama adapted from a comedy by Frau von Weissenthurn; subsequently the overture to 'Fra Diavolo,' to introduce the afterpiece—a broad pantomime. All these things, as Hudibras hath it, "portend" an oddly disproportioned indifference to one of the sweetest arts and most luxurious appliances to home comfort existing. But residence, be it remembered, might yield something better and more hopeful.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The re-opening of Sadler's Wells has been delayed, in consequence of the extensive repairs which the theatre has been and still is undergoing. The company have been, during the present week, occupying an interval at the Surrey Theatre,—where, we believe, they are still playing. Monday week, however, is the day named for the recommencement of business at the new classic little theatre at Islington. It will open with Shakspeare's tragedy of 'Coriolanus';—the parts of the hero and his heroic mother being allotted to Mr. Phelps and Miss Glyn.

Mr. F. Eames—who has resigned, as we announced, his appointment as orchestral leader at the Princess's Theatre—has been appointed leader at the Lyceum.

Mr. Macready has made another appearance at Liverpool—and another speech. As experience has shown that his plans are not very decided, it is safest to report them in his own words,—so that the responsibility may fall in the right place in case we shall have still to vary our report:—"After a short professional tour," he said, "through the United States, it is my intention to return to England to take my farewell of the drama, and those patrons who have looked with such generous approval on my humble efforts for its advancement. In one more engagement, before the curtain falls for the last time on my performance, I hope to have the gratification of appearing here; and till then I take my respectful leave of you, with a faithful," &c.

Mdlle. Lind has been playing at Manchester.

The Musical Festival at Worcester has continued its course of unusual success. The Oberon Concert on Thursday evening produced, as was expected, an almost unprecedented excitement. Nearly twelve hundred tickets were taken at the doors. Weber's opera was followed by a selection of songs and concerted pieces from the compositions of Mozart, Rossini, Donizetti, and other masters. — On Friday morning the musical portion of the meeting was brought to a close by the performance of 'The Messiah,'—always a portion of the performances at the meetings of the three western choirs. The festival was wound up by a grand full dress ball, in the evening, at the Guildhall.—The charity is said to benefit on this occasion to the extent of nearly 1,000*l*.

The Musical Festival at Norwich commenced on

Tuesday evening last with a concert in St. Andrew's Hall—where all the performances, morning and evening, took place. Beethoven's eighth Symphony; Holmes's duet, 'On the wild rocky Alps,' sung by the Misses Williams; 'O luce di quest' anima,' by Madame Castellani; 'O, 'tis a glorious sight to see,' from 'Oberon,' by Mr. Sims Reeves; the finale to the 'Sonnambula,' 'Ah non giunge,' by Madame Viardot Garcia; and 'Non più mesta,' the finale to the 'Cenerentola,' by Mdlle. Alboni, were followed by a selection from Cimarosa's 'Matrimonio Segreto.' The second part of the concert consisted chiefly of a long selection from 'Le Nozze di Figaro.' Mr. Lockey sang Mendelssohn's song, 'By Celia's arbour.' The quartet and chorus, 'Dal tuo stellato soglio,' from Rossini's 'Mosè in Egitto,' was given by Madame Viardot-Garcia, Mdlle. Alboni, Mr. Reeves, and Signor Lablache, with the solo parts doubled by Madame Castellani, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips. The sacred performance of Wednesday morning drew a crowded audience. It began with Spohr's sacred cantata, 'The Christian's Prayer,'—followed by several miscellaneous pieces of different composers. Mdlle. Alboni sang Cherubini's air 'O salutaris hostia;' and Signor Lablache a *scena* from Paesello's oratorio 'La Passione di Gesù Christo,' Marcello's 'I cieli immensi narrano' (the nineteenth psalm) was sung by Mdlle. Alboni, accompanied by the chorus. The great scene from Handel's 'Jephtha,' 'Deeper and deeper still,' was sung by Mr. Sims Reeves; and Madame Viardot performed the scene from the same oratorio, 'Ye sacred priests.' The remainder of the performance consisted of 'The Creation.' At the second concert, in the evening, the selections consisted chiefly of pieces familiar to the frequenters of the London concerts. Of Mendelssohn's 'First Walpurgis Night' the principal singers were the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips. Madame Viardot-Garcia sang *Agatha's* great *scena* in the 'Freischütz,' in German. Mdlle. Alboni sang 'Una voce poco fa,' and 'Il segreto per esser felice.' There was a short selection from Mozart's 'La Clemenza di Tito':—the duet, 'Ah perdona,'—the air with clarinet accompaniment, 'Parto, ma tu ben mio,' and the Triumphant finale. Signor Lablache sang a Neapolitan song, and accompanied himself on the pianoforte. The conclusion was Mr. Vincent Wallace's new National Anthem, 'Queen Victoria God protect.'—On Thursday morning, Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' was performed to a very crowded audience.—The success of this Festival also has far exceeded that of former years.

MISCELLANEA

Clifton Suspension Bridge.—Upwards of 40,000*l*. have already been expended upon this undertaking, and no more money being forthcoming the works are now at a standstill. One single bar of iron sweeps across the gulf: and on this fragile-looking thread a wicker car travels from side to side with visitors who are courageous enough to trust themselves in it, and the journey is quite as fearful as it looks. A little wooden house is built on the edge of the cliff to keep the car in, and from this spot the adventurer starts. To sit in the basket (says the *Wills Standard*) whilst the men in attendance are preparing to let go, and to look along the line, dropping in the centre as it does some fifty feet, is enough alone to make one slightly nervous; but when the cry "hold fast" comes, and with the speed of light you rush down as you fancy for the moment into eternity, the stoutest gripe the sides of the wicker car with a convulsive strength, and lift themselves as though the world were falling from beneath them. As you get over towards the middle of the passage the speed decreases, and after rising up for some little time on the other side the car comes to a standstill. And now, being half way over, and the strange feeling which the rush down the wind has given you having a little subsided, leisure is afforded to gaze about; and if you have courage to look down, some idea of the height at which you are suspended may be gained by the flights of rooks that, frightened from their holes in the rocks by the passage of the car, whirl far beneath you. A rope attached to the basket pulls it up the ascending bar to the landing-place on the other side. —*Daily News*.

In one of the late numbers of your paper I observe a notice, signed by Prof. De Morgan, on the transposition of

* One feature in the churches of Holland is too strongly "pronounced" to be passed over—I mean the huge size of their sounding-boards. That, carved by Albert Brinck, in the Nieuwe Kerk, Amsterdam, is as large and as grand as a pagoda. This provision has been rendered inevitable by the great height and area of the buildings, and the obvious stress laid by the congregation upon the sermon. And the Dutch divines (if we are to judge by the specimens of "holding forth" with which we have been favoured) are at once long and loud winded.

the Roman numerals marking the date of publication on the title-pages of books. Is the following illustration of the same conceit worthy the notice of your correspondent?—I possess an oblong brass box, about six inches long and one and a half broad, which I suppose was used as a tobacco-box; and which I value as I believe it to have belonged to one of the actors in that immortal drama which had Silesia for its stage and Europe as its spectator. On the face it bears likenesses of Frederick and the Prince Royal and a representation of the battle of Rosbach: on the reverse a representation of the naval engagement of the English and French fleets (the former commanded by Admiral Osbourne), and this legend:—GALLIES EADRM FLA VIT SORS KARTAGENAE ET ROSBACH—which, I suppose, contains the date of the two victories. Rosbach was fought Nov. 5, 1757.

Sept. 6.

MELANION.

Hydrographic Surveys.—The Admiralty Hydrographic Report states the portions of the United Kingdom of which the surveys, charts, and sailing directions are defective. The greater part of the south coast of England is very roughly laid down, with none of the accurate detail necessary in considering the projects brought before the Admiralty. The charts of the western coasts of Scotland, from the Mull of Cantire nearly to Cape Wrath, and all the Hebrides, are in a most disgraceful state: many geographic positions are several miles out even in latitude. Two large intervals of the west coast of Ireland have never been surveyed; the charts are merely eye-sketches. The Irish coast between Waterford and Cork is nearly in the same state. A full investigation of the tidal streams of the English Channel is still a desideratum.—*Spectator*.

Rain-water.—As "A Subscriber of many Years' standing" has alluded in your last Number (*ante*, p. 915) to some remarks of mine on rain-water, it is I suppose my duty to say a few words. I did not neglect the precautions he alludes to, having used nothing but platinum or porcelain in which to collect the rain. It was in this way found to be 24 degrees of hardness. I don't know the origin of the 43 degrees. Roof-washings are different, and often excessively impure. They may for all practical purposes be free from lime; but although specimens vary exceedingly, I have never found a pure liquid in this way. I believe that many impurities are carried up mechanically by the smoke of large chimneys;—that, in fact, coal-ashes are raised by the fire, and washed down by the rain. They may be easily found. I have, however, stated the particulars in the paper which I read; and as I mean to continue the subject, shall be glad if your Correspondent sends me a specimen differing from mine.

R. A. SMITH.

Talmudical Allegory.—*The Spirit of Solomon*.—A venerable old man toiled through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hand and in sowing, with his own hand, the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of the yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement. "I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice; "what are you doing here, old man?"—"If you are Solomon," replied the old man, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious, and to gather. What I then learned, I am following out to this hour."—"You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn from that animal to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."—*Jewish Chronicle*.

The American Lakes.—Prof. Drake, of Cincinnati, has been making some observations upon these inland seas, and gives the results to the public. The chain of lakes extends over nearly eight and a half degrees of longitude in length. The extent of their surface is estimated at 93,000 square miles; and the area of country drained by them is computed at 400,000 square miles. Their relative sizes are as follows:—"Ontario, 5,300 square miles; Erie, 9,600; St. Clair, 360; Huron, 30,400; Superior, 22,000. The average depth of water in the different lakes is a question upon which there is no certain information. Authorities differ. Dr. Drake gives it as follows:—"St. Clair, 20 feet; Erie, 84; Ontario, 500; Superior, 900; Huron and Michigan, 1,000. In standard works, Lake Erie is usually stated to have a depth of 120 feet. The deepest soundings have been made in Lake Huron. Off Saginaw Bay, 1,800 feet of line have been sent down without finding the bottom. The altitude of these lakes varies step by step from Ontario to Superior. Lake Ontario is 232 feet above the tide-water of the St. Lawrence. Erie is 333 feet above Ontario, and 565 feet above the tide water at Albany. St. Clair is 6 feet higher than Erie; Huron and Michigan are 13 feet above St. Clair, and Superior lies 44 feet above them. This shows the

curious fact that while the surface of Huron is 684 feet above the level of the ocean, its bottom, at Saginaw Bay, is more than 1,100 below the same level. The waters of these lakes, with the exception of Erie and St. Clair, are remarkable for their transparency and delicious flavour. Of Lake Huron, Prof. Drake ascertained that the water at the surface, and 200 feet below the same place, indicated precisely the same temperature,—namely, 56 degrees. His explanation of this fact is: the waters are so pure that the rays of the sun meet with no solid matter in suspension to arrest and retain the heat."

New Telegraph.—The model of a new system of telegraphic communication was recently exhibited in the Liverpool Underwriters' Rooms. The apparatus and the principle upon which the system is based are each extremely simple; the former consisting of gutta percha tubes containing water, which water, when raised at one end of the tube by pressure applied at the opposite terminus, signifies various given signals, according to its greater or lesser elevation. Practical experience would demonstrate, we believe, however, that gutta percha is a substance much too liable to contraction or expansion from the state of the atmosphere; and the same objection applies equally to the water inclosed therein.—*Times*.

What next?—A Daguerreotype artist, by the name of Jacquay, has purchased a flat boat at Pittsburgh, and fitted up a Daguerreotype gallery on board. He intends to float with the current.—*Boston Chronicle*.

Payne's Patent for Preserving Wood, &c. against Fire.—A series of experiments was exhibited recently on the shingles at low water in front of Whitehall-wharf, Cannon-row, in the presence of Lord Auckland and several Lords of the Admiralty, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and many scientific gentlemen, to test the efficiency of the invention of Messrs. Payne to prepare wood in such a manner as to render it capable of withstanding the force of fire and perfectly unflammable, though exposed to the heat of flames or burning masses of wood or coal. The experiments were as favourable as could be wished for. Three cottages or miniature buildings were ignited, two of them constructed of the wood prepared by the patentees of the invention, the other of unprepared wood. The cottage built of unprepared wood was speedily consumed, whilst those of which the wood had been prepared by the invention, although partially charred from the terrific heat of the fire, never became absolutely on fire, and resisted the utmost effort of the flames. The expense of preparing timber under the patent of Messrs. Payne is small, and by it many trees hitherto considered as of little importance may be hardened and made into the most elegant pieces of furniture. The timber prepared against the "dry rot" is impregnated or imbued with sulphate of iron decomposed by muriatic acid. That which is prepared against fire is prepared with sulphate of iron, and with alum decomposed by muriatic acid; and that which is prepared against worms is composed of sulphate of barium, decomposed by sulphate of iron. This invention is very important in many respects. It renders all kinds of woods capable of resisting fire; it hardens them, and produces on them a beautiful surface.

Niagara Falls.—The American papers give the following letter from Mr. Eller, dated the 29th of July:—"This morning I laid the last plank of my foot-bridge on the Canada side, and then drove over and back again in a buggy. 500 feet of the bridge was without railing on either side. My horse, though spirited, went along quietly, touched up occasionally with a whip, just to show him that he was in command and give him courage. On returning, I directed one of the drivers to bring on his team, a two-horse close carriage weighing over a ton and a half. I took his place on the box, and drove over and back. The horse went quietly. The flooring is but 8 feet wide, 220 feet high, and 762 feet long,—and without railing, over such a torrent as you never saw, and never will see anywhere else."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—ARON.—A. C. J. J.—S. E. H.—An Old Subscriber to the *Athenæum*—J. S.—Z. D.—*poua*—B.—J. D.—A Constant Reader—J. J. L.—received.

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No. 21	1806	£50	415 10	2 8310 per cent.	£515 10 2
221	1807	900	582 13	1 1017	1482 13 1
1174	1810	1200	1169 5	6 9638 "	2369 5 6
1365	1811	1600	1368 8	6 8793 "	2968 8 6
3282	1820	2000	1802 13	5 9538 "	3802 13 5
3693	1820	3000	3536 17	8 7137 "	6636 17 8
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